

Hiccstrid in the Air

by HaddocksOrTails

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(Hiccup's Birthday Special)

1. Fear

****Hi dearest readers, I've just started a tumblr (haddocksorails, what else?) and I'll post my drabbles there too. ****

****The main theme is random feelings and feel free to send me requests - here or there.****

Â§Â§Â§

He knew it was the worst idea ever the moment he said it. Now she was sitting on top of him - he normally gave his blessings when she did this - but this time she was also holding a sharp hunting knife to his throat that brought back the memories of long lost nightmares her fierce attitude once had given him.

"Listen," he started with a cracked and somewhat terrified voice; the cold blade was uncomfortably close to his sensitive Adam's apple.
"Listen, Astrid, I take it back. All of it, okay?"

"Nope. You meant it seriously." The sharp object at his throat was really disturbing.

He sighed - slowly and carefully.

"Dearest Astrid Hofferson, I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, hereby declare that I take back each and every one of my offending words."

It didn't work, she just leaned closer to him and the blade was still there.

He wanted to gulp but reconsidered it.

"It was just some stupid and irrational male bravado that made me say that I would most likely win every dragon race against you, even with blindfolds. Obviously, I wrongfully assumed it, you and Stormfly are brilliant racers."

Astrid didn't move for a while, she just looked at him with evil eyes and tight lips and then she reached for the scarf around her neck, untangled it and dropped it on his face.

He knew what he had to do. He knew he shouldn't have bragged about his dragon racing talents. He knew that Astrid became vengeful when it came to competition.

"Alright then," he groaned sounding miserable and with as little movement as possible, he covered his eyes with it, tying it loosely behind the back of his head.

Disturbingly, there was no movement for a while, but then she got off from his lap, settling right next to him. The blade remained where it was.

After a moment of pause, her free hand suddenly landed on the front of his pants.

"Okay," he started with a faint giggle, "You know, Astrid, it's not exactly a thing that works at knife point... so don't expect it to stand up and salute you when you're threatening its master."

His witty words fell flat. Her fingers were now fiddling with the buckle of his belt and in no time they slipped underneath the thick cloth, finding their way to his sleeping dragon's. He endured the gentle strokes but he thought, he wasn't exactly in the mood...

A few seconds later, it became almost painfully obvious for Hiccup that this particular_ thing_ didn't have a master but a mistress.

2. Curiosity

****Well, we all know that curiosity murders cats, but it makes Ruffnut very much alive...****

§§§

It was one of those nights she couldn't sleep. It was one of those nights when she was completely bored, yet she didn't want any company. It was one of those nights when she wished to have some alone time, when she wanted to stroll among the trees with an axe in her hand, because hey, it was better to be safe than sorry - ghouls and trolls could ambush anytime. Well, at least that's what Gobber had told them when they were just little Viklings, sitting around the campfire with mouths wide open, listening to the eerie stories of the blacksmith.

Well, she didn't really believe in the evil creatures of the night, so she didn't feel uncomfortable when she walked through the thick

forest in almost complete darkness. She wanted to get to a nearby clearing to sit there and think for a while in the pale light of the summer Moon. She had almost reached it when she heard something. She stopped and grabbed the handle of her axe tighter. She heard the muffled voice again: it was a distant giggle, coming from the clearing.

The voice was familiar, but the giggle was something new.

Ruffnut gulped hard. The better half of her brain told her to leave immediately, but the other half was curious beyond belief. She hesitated, but then as always, she listened to the other half and started to sneak towards the voices. She stopped at the edge of the clearing, crouching down and trying to peek through the leaves of the bush in front of her.

Yep. It was Astrid. Aaand... Hiccup? She knew that there was something going on between them, but she thought it to be a rather innocent thing - after all, they were Hiccup and Astrid. Well, apparently she was very wrong about them.

She saw Astrid who was leaning onto the wide trunk of an old chestnut tree in the middle of the clearing and Hiccup was standing right in front of her. Ruffnut also noticed that she had a large smirk on her face - which was of course very un-Astridlike - and she was unsuccessfully trying to stop that muttonhead boy who was playfully tickling her sides.

So that was what caused the giggles!

Ruffnut knew she shouldn't be watching them, but she was far too interested in her friends' private life. Now they were talking about something, but she couldn't understand them, the gentle balmy breeze of the night carried their words far away. It almost became boring when suddenly Hiccup pressed his lips on Astrid and even though they were at least 15 yards from Ruffnut, she could see that there was nothing innocent about their locked lips.

She almost got bored again with them, but then she saw Hiccup's hands crawl under Astrid's tunic and when their lips parted for a second, he quickly pulled it off of her.

The movement was so swift that Ruffnut was sure it wasn't the first time he had done it. Then he stepped closer to her, right between Astrid's thighs, and Ruffnut saw him scandalously and shamelessly bucking his hips towards hers. She had to admit, that weird as it may have sounded, watching her lame friends doing forbidden things was kind of exciting...

Meanwhile, they continued with their kissing and Hiccup's hands snaked up on Astrid's sides until they reached her breasts and he cupped and fondled them. Astrid let out a huge moan that was quite audible and Ruffnut felt she was blushing - it turned out that even though Hiccup still seemed to be clumsy and awkward most of the time, he certainly did have some talents...

And then came a point when even Ruffnut's breaths became heavier. She saw Hiccup drop to his knees and even though the tall grasses of the clearing almost completely hid him, Ruffnut saw how he grabbed the hem of Astrid's leggings under her skirt - and probably her underwear

too - and he pulled them down while the girl stepped out of her boots.

Their moves were so harmonious that Ruffnut almost envied them. And then Hiccup did the most atrocious thing Ruffnut's eager eyes had ever seen: he ducked his head under the plaits of Astrid's skirt and although Ruffnut couldn't see what he was doing exactly, she saw how Astrid arched her back, closed her eyes, and placed her hands on his head, grabbing two handfuls of russet hair.

His head was constantly moving under her skirt and soon Astrid started to toss her head from one side to the other. Ruffnut heard how her pants got louder and her jaw dropped when she heard Astrid scream "You're amazing, baby". Hiccup then grabbed the underside of her right thigh and placed it on his shoulder which earned him another series of frantic screams from the blonde girl.

Ruffnut was flabbergasted. And then she saw and heard Astrid came loudly, with a contorted face and crooked smile... Ruffnut covered her eyes with her palm, it was just too much to take in.

When she looked back, Hiccup was standing again, kissing Astrid. Her hands disappeared somewhere between them and a minute later Ruffnut was in shock again when Astrid pulled Hiccup's pants down and Ruffnut saw the bare behind of the boy. She had to admit that, although she wasn't into him, not even a least bit, he had the nicest butt she had ever seen. It was undeniable that Astrid was one of the luckiest girls in Berk, if not the luckiest...

He bent his knees a little bit and again, grabbed Astrid's thigh and lifted her leg until she could place it on his hip, pressing her heel to the small of his back. A second later, a new little scream made it clear that Hiccup successfully managed to push inside of her...

And that was the point when it became too much for Ruffnut. She quietly stood up with shaky legs and took a last long look at the couple. Hiccup was still fucking her and Astrid was mumbling something to his ear, which Ruffnut couldn't hear, but it seemed to make Hiccup speed up.

No. Ruffnut couldn't bear it anymore.

She turned around to head back to the village as fast as possible.

She wanted to sneak into Snotlout's basement and wake the boy up no matter how deep he was sleeping.

She knew he would be angry at first, but he would forgive her when he heard her first screams...

3. Shocked

He really wanted to get home as fast as possible, so he gently pressed the heel of his boot into the side of his dragon.

Toothless turned his head to look at Hiccup with angry, narrow eyes through the pouring rain that generously watered the dragon and his rider. The Night Fury was irritated a bit, he didn't like being

pushed like that and Hiccup should know that he is doing his best as he, too, wanted to be in their comfy home, curled up in front of the hearth, letting the hot flames warm up his cold scales.

Well, as for his rider, he didn't really care about the damages the weather had caused during their lengthy flight or the tiredness of his limbs; he had another pretty good reason for the rush, namely his wife.

Whom he hadn't seen for four days. Whom he hadn't been able to touch or smell. The lack of whom made him completely weak, almost useless by the end of the fourth day. They were married for a good two months now, but it was the very first occasion that they had to spend some time apart and now it seemed maddeningly long.

The dark silhouettes of Berk suddenly appeared through the wall of rain and it made the young Viking man sigh with relief: home and the tender, velvety arms of his beautiful Astrid were close now.

He hoped that she was waiting for him, sitting at the large table, trying to occupy herself with reading or mending clothes (which, truth be told, she wasn't exactly good at).

He imagined how he would open the door, step in, and then with a couple long steps he would be right in front of her, lifting her up from the chair, sealing her lips with a wet kiss while he pressing his damp body to hers.

Oh, how he hoped that she would be in her nightdress, because he knew from experience how easy it is to rip and tear the light linen from her delicate body and he right now, he felt that every second would count. He needed her. He needed her fast.

Yeah, he would have her right there, most probably on - or maybe at - the table first, then they would eat something, because, ugh, he hadn't eaten since noon as the occasional growls coming from his stomach very impolitely reminded him.

But as of now, of course, other urges were more important.

And then, after dinner, he would seduce her again. This time he would take her to the warm furs in front of the large fire place downstairs, and this second time would be slow and tender and he would kiss each and every curve and crevice of her body and then she would sit on him, tiredly riding him with her hair down, letting the fringes tickle his thighs as she arches her back in their extended, exhausted pleasures.

He would touch that soft little knot between her legs with the same slow rhythm and she would moan into the gloomy room that he was the best husband ever and he would smile at this little non sense, like he always did, and he would run his free hand up until he touches the small of her back, to make her lie back onto him, so he could kiss her during the final trembles of their mutual fulfillment.

His night-time daydreams ended suddenly when Toothless landed right before their door. He got off from the saddle fast and the Night Fury was up in the roof of their house in no time. Hiccup didn't blame him for using his upstairs trap door to get inside - it was faster for the dragon plus he probably didn't want to be the unwilling witness

of his master's affection towards his wife.

Hiccup quickly went for the door while taking his mask off, stroking away the wet bangs from his forehead. He opened the door with burning cheeks and there she was, sitting at their table in the flickering light of a candle.

She wasn't wearing her night clothes, as he hoped, but he didn't mind it when she quickly jumped up from the chair, exclaiming his name with sheer happiness in her voice.

A moment later, he was in front of her, dropping his mask on the floor, pressing his lips to hers while grabbing the slim waist of his wife and lifting her up to the table. He continued with the hungry kiss while letting go of her waist and slipping his two hands under the plaits of her skirt, stroking her firm thighs underneath.

He reached for the hem of her leggings while letting go of her lips placing his mouth behind her ear, leaving a trail of damp kisses there. "I missed you so much," he muttered into the shell of her ear, but... something wasn't right.

Normally, by this time her fingers would be unbuckling his belt and... Was it that time of the month when he wasn't supposed to touch her like that? He ruled that one out when he remembered that it had just ended before he left...

Then why was she...? Or rather, why wasn't she...?

He quickly went back for her lips, trying to show his uttermost passion, but suddenly two strong little palms landed on each of his shoulders, gently pushing him away.

He looked at his wife with bleary, curious eyes, but she was just sitting in front of her with a confusingly huge grin on her face.

He quirked an eyebrow while Astrid gently stroked his hot cheek. "I missed you too," she said gently, "Aaand... they also missed you," she added, nodding towards the right wall of the room.

Hiccup turned his head and he almost jumped back when he saw his mother and Gobber standing by the wall with jaws dropped, eyes wide open, completely shocked.

"Aye, okay, I think it's fer the best if we discuss the new winter arrangements fer the dragons tomorrow morning, right, Valka?" The blacksmith sounded embarrassed while he tried to sashay towards the door with eyes still fixed on the blushing Hiccup in the middle of the room.

"Maybe wait until after lunch?" Valka's voice sounded a pitch higher while she, too, was trying to get closer to the door.

"That sounds even better," added the blacksmith.

They both reached the door and were out in the Thorforsaken night in a blink of an eye. Hiccup turned his head while he tried to follow their moves and forgot to turn back to his wife after the door closed behind the two unexpected visitors.

Astrid had to poke his shoulder to make him turn back. She almost laughed up when she saw the goofy expression on his husband's face, but instead, she leaned closer to him and gave him a gentle kiss.

"Deal with it, popular kid," she said with a smile, "we all missed you."

She reached for his buckle and a couple of seconds later Hiccup completely forgot seeing his mom and Gobber that night.

4. Pride

It doesn't happen often that the wives of the chiefs are invited to the men's gatherings, but this is a less formal, more cheerful event now. It's basically just a celebration of finding fertile lands far West, where crops are abundant and grapes grow as big as a grown man's fist - at least that's what chief Æli, the head of the mighty Badgergutter tribe stated, when he invited the notable leaders of the surrounding isles.

Of course, Chief Haddock of the Hooligans is more than welcome - his detailed maps of the archipelago are a great help even for the more traditional Vikings, who still travel by sea rather than by air.

And Chief Haddock is glad to share his vast knowledge if the purpose of their travels is peaceful.

The Badgergutter tribe's island is not really close to Berk, it's 5 hours on dragonback, and Astrid knows she could find a million good reasons to stay at home, but she wants to escort her husband - although the meeting will probably be boring as Hel.

She knows that she'll have to spend the day with the other wives while the men share their serious thoughts and more than a few pints of ale with each other, and she suspects that since Hiccup is the youngest chief in the whole area, she most probably has to entertain herself with the company of elder women.

Not the most charming prospect, but she knew that these things would become inevitable if she married a chief.

At least the journey is pleasant, the early autumn wind feels warm on their skin and they stop on a deserted island halfway to share some food and a few tender kisses.

Toothless grunts at them when they make out, but they know it's not because he doesn't tolerate their affectionate ways, he's just a bit unhappy about the new flying arrangements. But as of now, it's more comfortable for the humans if Astrid sits on the front and Hiccup is right behind her, however the black dragon still doesn't really get why it's better this way and his master has to pat him a few times before he lets Astrid sit back on him.

They arrive midafternoon and the welcome is warm, but chief Æli makes excuses that due to some unforeseen mishaps, he has to shelter every couple in their Great Hall.

No one minds it, really, the Hall is spacious, even bigger than the

one they have in Berk, and people of this era got used to sleeping together under the same roof.

As for Astrid, she hoped for a little more privacy - their planned 3-day-long absence meant that Hiccup had to arrange a few things in advance and he came back to their comfy home far too late and left far too early, only to find and leave a sleeping wife in their bed.

Later, the men go to a smaller hall to discuss all the important happenings while the women eat a moderate but otherwise delicious dinner. Afterwards, Æli's wife, Alvina, suggests a visit to some warm pools at the Northern part of the island before going back to sleep.

Astrid's assumptions turn out to be true: most women are twice her age, but she doesn't mind it. She really fancies the idea of soaking in warm waters; first because her muscles ache a little after the lengthy journey and it's also bit cold now, but mostly because she has some great memories of relaxing in warm water with her husband before and after their marriage.

She already misses him, even though they were separated not more than two hours ago, and she knows that they'll meet soon, so she decides to concentrate on the women's conversation as they walk uphill to the steaming water.

The women's chatting proves to be a little boring - Astrid is not really interested in fine silks and handy household items - but finally they arrive at their destination and everybody becomes occupied with undressing to their undergarments.

When Astrid is ready to step into the water, Alvina looks at her with curious eyes. "Oh, daughter, I've never noticed that you're with child."

Astrid blushes a little, looking down at the bump that's not really noticeable when she's all dressed up, but it's quite visible when she isn't wearing anything but her underclothes.

"Yes, he's going to be an early Snoggletog gift, I believe," she answers politely while stepping into the water and sitting down on the shallow bottom, so the water covers her up to her chest.

"_He_? How do you know it's a _he_?" Laughs Wilhelmina, the wife of a Southern chief.

Astrid doesn't really want to hold onto this topic, but she also doesn't want to be rude. "I don't. It's just my husband, he keeps referring to him as a 'he'. I think I just got used to it."

"Oh, they all do that, they're hoping for a heir - especially when it comes to the first born." Alvina sits casually next to Astrid and seems genuinely happy that now they have something to talk about.

"Well, it's not like he just hopes for it, he's convinced that it's going to be a boy," continues Astrid, but she's not sure whether it's a good idea to share their private things with the women she is basically unfamiliar with, but at least the time passes faster this

way.

"That's the spirit!" Exclaims Wilhelmina a little louder than is really necessary while sitting down at the other side of Astrid. The rest of the wives form another group at the far edge of the pool, but Astrid doesn't mind it, she has more than enough company.

"Anyways, we're both really happy about the tiny one, and I guess that's all that matters," adds Astrid trying to end the conversation, but her words catches the ears of a younger woman, Hilde, who scoots over from the other group to join their chat.

"I bet you're happy," she says cunningly, "at least now you have a little rest."

Astrid doesn't understand her, she has never had a calm life and the pregnancy makes her even more restless.

"I mean, I guess your husband is a little less demanding now that you're showing." Hilde is much more forward this time and Astrid understands what she is trying to say except she doesn't understand her... But it soon turns out that the other women are of the same opinion.

"Those were the best months in my life! I didn't have to come up with any clever excuses, I just pointed at my swelling belly and he never even tried to have his wicked ways with me." Wilhelmina sounds enthusiastic but her words come as a shock to Astrid. She shakes her head in disbelief.

"What's wrong, girl? Has it never occurred to you that it's a valid reason to keep away your husband from your goodies?" Hilde's question makes the other two laugh and leaves Astrid speechless and confused.

"Don't worry, dear," adds Wilhelmina, "we're here to help you out, to teach you the tricks of a pleasant marriage."

"That's right, your husband is like a wild dragon, he needs to be trained." Alvina laughs up with the others but they quickly quiet down when they see how Astrid's expression turns from puzzled to resentful.

She knows she shouldn't say it, but she wants to protect her husband and her feelings. She wants the other women to know that she actually really likes him and she would never turn down his advances.

She clears her throat before letting it all out. "Ladies, with all due respect, I have to tell you that I'm quite fond of my husband and I crave his lust and whenever we don't have the opportunity to be with each other, as a man and his wife, it almost feels excruciating." Her voice raises as she speaks and her face becomes crimson, but she doesn't mind it, she's just proud of what they have.

The rest of the outing runs away fast, they don't talk about husbands anymore, but Astrid's thoughts constantly wander back to hers.

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Everything is way better now. They are lying on the floor of the Badgergutter's Hall, covered in pelts up to their noses, close to the fire, but still a good ten yards away from the other couples who are also sleeping in the Hall.

The rhythmic snores and breaths clearly sign that most of them, if not all of them, are far away in dreamland, but the young Viking man is very much awake. As of now, he marvels at the deep blue eyes of his wife, because those are the only things he sees of her, the rest of Astrid is covered with the furs.

Under their covers, he gently places a hand on her little, protruding belly, stroking it lightly.

"I missed you," whispers Astrid gently, trying to scoot a little closer to him. When she can't get any closer, she presses a cold little nose to his shoulder followed by a tiny kiss.

"I missed you too," he says and quietly snakes up his hand from her belly to tangle his fingers in her hair.

"I mean I really missed you," she whispers to his neck, placing another, slower kiss on his pulse point.

It doesn't take more than half a second for Hiccup to understand where she is going with it.

"Oh-oh," he mumbles and he lets out a quiet little giggle, "I-I don't know if it's a good idea..."

Astrid immediately pulls back and raises her head a little to look into his eyes. Her immediate reaction is a bit intimidating, so Hiccup lets out another little giggle, this time sounding a bit insecure. "Just you know... this is still a room full of people and... yeah, every time we're... intimate with each other, half of Berk knows about it."

She narrows her eyes.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm nothing but proud of it, but..." he adds fast.

"I can be quiet," she states adamantly and he finds his wife's horny tenacity quite amusing.

"Are you sure?" He asks cheekily, while his hand sluggishly wanders down from her hair to her breast. She presses her lips together and nods.

"Are you absolutely sure?" His hand cups her breast from under, while he starts to stroke her perky nipple with his thumb through the light fabric of her tunic. It isn't exactly a fair game, as he is very well-aware of the fact that pregnancy didn't just grow her boobs but also made them three times more sensitive.

She bites her lip. "I can be quieter than a dead mouse," she murmurs two strokes later.

"I bet you can," he whispers back, "just don't forget to

breathe."

His hand travels further down now and he starts to find the whole situation extremely exciting. Arousing. His fingers reach her thigh and they slip under her tunic. The heat that is building up in her body paints her cheeks pink. She parts her lips a little and she tries to take little breaths through her open mouth.

She makes a serious face that makes him grin, and there is no turing back now, his fingers slip between her thighs, inside her underclothes and find her radiating core.

She doesn't make a single sound apart from a deeper breath, and he gives her credit for that.

He moves his fingers in and out, up and down and meanwhile takes delight in the faces she is making.

He feels as he is getting harder and harder every time she scrunches her nose, bits her lower lip or sucks in some air.

He wonders whether it is possible to have an orgasm without any friction at all, just by looking at Astrid's maddening expressions as she is getting closer and closer to her blissful end.

And then she starts to tremble, her whole body. She lets out a moderate little "ah" before pressing her thighs tightly together trapping his fingers where they are silently letting him know that her dance is over.

He manages to get his fingers out and his hand crawls up to her hip, getting a little rest after its hard but thrilling work.

"I'm so proud of you, babe," he whispers through a huge smirk, placing a tiny peck on the tip of her nose.

"I told you I could be quiet if I wanted to," she purrs just a couple of inches from his face, "but how about you?"

He never even has time to protest, she turns around so quickly under the furs, sticking her perfect butt out, trying to press it to his rock hardness.

It is a temptation he cannot resist, no matter how hard the better half of his brain is begging him not to fuck his wife right here, right now, surrounded by a hall full of sleeping people. But when it comes to his Astrid, he is weak, and his hand lands on her firm butt, and he is fondling her buttocks while lifting up her tunic...

She helps him pull down her undergarment, still damp from his previous finger magic and she helps him find his way inside her. He almost immediately cries out, because the unusual angle and her pressed-together thighs make her even tighter and her creamy juices make everything so velvety and soft inside...

His arm wraps around her chest, fingers touching her upper arm she is lying on and he presses himself to her back as hard as he can, his hips moving more and more eagerly after each thrust.

Astrid feel his warm puffs of air on her neck and then she feels the

touch of his teeth on her thin skin.

"If you bite me, Haddock, I'm going to gut you like a fish," she hisses, only half-joking, "If you want to suppress your stupid groans, put your fingers in your mouth or something. Can't believe you cannot be quiet for 2 minutes."

His grip tightens around her upper arm. "2 minutes? Have a little faith in your poor husband, I think I have at least a good 3.5 minutes in me," he complains while desperately trying to postpone the inevitable.

"Hiccup?"

"Mhm?"

"Just do it. Do me."

And he does as he is told.

§§§

The two women are standing in the Hall, near the embers of last night's fire, looking down at the little 'love bundle' of a young Viking chief and his wife in front of them.

"Well, it seems she was telling us the truth, Wilhelmina," says the older while looking at the couple on the floor under the furs, still sleeping peacefully, with tangled limbs and shaggy hair.

"I hope, they know how lucky they are," answers Wilhelmina to Alvina dubiously with a hint of jealousy in her voice.

Chief Haddock, in his sleep, moves closer his wife, mumbling something unintelligible that make his dozing wife smile.

"I'm think they do, dear," says Alvina kindly, "but let's go now, I'm sure they'll appreciate it if we give them a little privacy."

5. Trust

Hi guys, you're still more than welcomed on my tumblr page (haddocksortails) and please feel free to send me feelings or any other requests.

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It was strange how swiftly and smoothly their relationship developed. It was strange how only a couple of weeks ago he was threatening him at knifepoint with taking away his dragon – a foolish idea it was, considering the dragon in question was a Night Fury – and now they are working together as a team, repairing the Ingerman's house in complete harmony.

They work like a well-oiled machine, Eret holds up the planks, Hiccup hammers the nails in and they seem to genuinely enjoy each other's company even though none of them says a word for hours.

Their mute friendship progresses, but time flies fast and suddenly

it's too dark to continue with the work; their machine doesn't operate as efficiently as before.

The ever-growing night is cold and their fingers freeze and when Eret offers him a sip of his flask, the young chief gladly accepts it and takes three huge gulps. The liquor is strong and it burns his throat, but it's just what they need after a long day of tiresome work and the mood gets elevated as they engage in a friendly banter.

When they empty the flask, Eret invites the chief over to his ship and Hiccup has no reason to turn down the offer. The ex-trapper still lives on his ship, although he could easily get a house on Berk, and Hiccup only understands the reason for it when he sits down at his table and the gentle waves make the ship rock as if it was a cradle.

Eret disappears then comes back with two short glasses and a bottle in hand. With his teeth, he removes the cork and spits it out on the floor, then fills up the glasses, keeping one to himself, handing the other to Hiccup. They touch the them with a clink and they empty them in unison.

Eret refills them while they start to talk again, mostly about their past lives, and Hiccup becomes more and more relieved. He enjoys that for once he's talking with someone who actually has original thoughts and understands things and Eret is clearly not as much of a fan of the dumb drunk jokes as most of their peers.

They drink another round and Hiccup feels that the strong liquor starts to kick in, but as of now, he just enjoys the slight dizziness.

"So..." The former trapper wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and clears his throat, "So, what's the deal with you and Astrid? Are you and two an item?"

The question comes out of the blue, but Hiccup is tipsy enough to be proud of their romantic relation.

>"Yeah." His answer is modest but he cannot suppress the goofy gap-toothed smile of pride and Eret sees the young, hopeful boy in the chief.<p>

"I assume, it was a childhood love blooming into something more serious." He clearly wants to say something nice but to his surprise, Hiccup frowns and lets out an uncomfortable laugh while he thinks back of the times when Astrid Hofferson wasn't exactly his biggest fan.

"Well, one could say that, but it was very one-sided." With a thrust of his chin, Hiccup indicates that he needs more drink and Eret is eager to help him out.

"Let's just say, I was an awkward kid," he says after drinking the fourth or fifth shot of the night. There's an uncomfortable pause before Eret grabs his glass, empties it and slaps it down on the table with a loud thud.

"No way!" He exclaims, "I mean, look at you, you're a chief. And I see you every day, you're self-assured and determined and..." Eret forgets the rest of what he wants to say but his half-sentence is

more than enough to make Hiccup feel better about himself.

"Well, dating a hot girl is definitely a huge confidence booster, I can tell you that." Hiccup's honest and cheeky reply makes Eret chuckle.

"Yeah, she's very..." And again, Eret doesn't finish his sentence but it's on purpose now. He lifts up his hands and draws a perfect hourglass shape in the air. It's Hiccup's turn to let out a little laugh and he nods and strangely enough, he is not disturbed by the fact that another man has noticed the perfect curves of his girlfriend.

Eret fills their glasses again and his balance is clearly weakened by now.

"Don't-don't get me wrong..." He takes a sip and almost forgets what he wants to say. "Oh, yeah," he says half a minute later, "So, don't get me wrong, she's almost perfect, I'm just more into larger... _chest_." He tries to choose his words carefully, because he doesn't want to hurt Hiccup's feelings, but the throbbing alcohol in his body makes him just a little bit too honest.

Hiccup hesitates for a while and Eret almost apologizes for underrating his girlfriend, but the Viking isn't offended by what the other man had said, he's just merely debating whether or not to share a small, intimate secret with him. Finally, he decides that he trusts his companion.

"Erm... actually, she is quite... erm... _well endowed_, it's just... she likes to tie her bindings very tight, because... I dunno... _they_ disturb her while training and doing stuff."

He's completely red when he finishes his sentence and it's not because of the large amount alcohol he has consumed, but because he has just let the biggest cat out of the bag and now it should be quite obvious that their relationship is not as chaste as it might seem.

"Wow, that sounds nice." Eret seems pretty impressed and pours another round of drinks for the two of them. And he's right, it's probably the best moment to celebrate Hiccup's manliness.

"So, you two are not exactly _innocent_," continues Eret and there's a hint of jealousy in his eyes.

An image pops into Hiccup's alcohol-foggy brain: an ocean of golden hair, spread out on his lap, and a head underneath the hair that moves up and down, up and down...

He shakes his head to get rid of the vision and takes another sip. While the strong alcohol burns his way all the way down to his stomach, he decides it's probably a good time to brag. Just a little, after all, he doesn't want to disrespect her, but come on, he's pounding the hottest girl in town and he cannot share it with anyone, because his friends are idiots when it comes to women and they have the foulest mouths in the whole archipelago.

But somehow, he feels that he can trust Eret with his little secrets.

"I'd rather say it's guilty. Shamelessly guilty."

His choice of words make Eret laugh and he pats the Viking's shoulder proudly. Hiccup starts to feel really good about himself, but he's unprepared for what comes next...

"So why aren't you married yet?" Asks the tattooed friend the logical next question and... Hiccup cannot come up with an answer. It's either because the alcohol made him dull or... there's no good answer to that question.

"I-I dun-dunno..." he stutters and his eyes open wide as if he has just found out about a big secret.

"You know... wouldn't it be nice to... you know... wake up every morning and... sin a little, before... everything else?"

His alcohol-laced brain very much agrees with Eret and it makes him jump up hastily, kicking up the chair behind him.

"You, my friend, are right!" he exclaims with an unusually passionate tone in his voice. "I should marry her immedic... immedibutly...immediately."

His struggles with the last word makes Eret chuckle and he, too, jumps up from his chair. "Then we should go and you'll ask for her hand immedibutly!" He shouts pointing a forefinger at him.

For a blink of a second, it runs across Hiccup's brain that it's probably not the best idea to wake his girl, who sleeps with an axe next to her bed, in the middle of the night, but Eret grabs his elbow and leads him up to the deck of the ship.

It only takes him 5 minutes to convince the slumbering Skull Crusher to take them for a ride and they arrive at the Hofferson house 10 minutes later. Eret helps him climb up to her window and with trembling fingers he somehow manages to open the shutters.

And then he sees her.

She sits on her bed, holding a book in her hands, only wearing her nightclothes that seem see-through in the candlelit room. The sight perplexes him and he only comes to his senses when Eret pushes him into her room from down under.

He sprawls out on her floor in a very ungraceful manner but manages to stand up quickly.

"What the...?" Astrid doesn't have a chance to finish her sentence, because holds up a forefinger and walks up to her with unstable steps.

"Milady, I have a very important question to answer. I mean, to ask." He corrects himself and casually sits on her bed next to her. She feels flabbergasted at first, but then she smells the alcohol and somehow she cannot be mad at the young man whose eyes are in line now with her cleavage.

She pushes him away when he tries to get closer to her chest. "You

wanted to ask something important," she reminds him, but he's far more interested in what's in front of him.

"Yeah, yeah, that I..." He tries to think about what he wanted to say, but all he can see now is the curves of her breasts under the thin clothes. "Have-have I ever told you how much I adore your boo-boo-boobs?" He says finally and tries to touch them, but she slaps his hand away.

"How much did you drink?" She inquires while he tries to scoot closer to her but he kisses the air instead of her neck when she tilts her head away.

"Notreallymuch...Notmuch. Little. Justlittlemuch." He mumbles and he collapses on her pillow and never says a word again. Astrid pokes him, but when she hears his snores, she sighs deep and gets out of her bed, arranging the furs on his passed out boyfriend.

She goes downstairs where his father sits at their table with a whetstone and a knife in his hands.

"It sounded as if a gang of Saxons were invading your room," he says with an understanding smile and Astrid is again really happy that her father is such an easy going, funny dad.

"Nah, it was just one intoxicated Viking," she answers with a faint, tired giggle.

"So, I guess, you'll sleep downstairs?" Not really bothered by the whole situation, he continues to sharpen the knife in his hand with extra slow movements.

"Well, he reeks of alcohol plus he's drooling on my pillow," she says lightly, as if it was normal to have a drunken man in her bed.

"Not to mention, you are not supposed to sleep with him even when he is sober. Especially when he is sober," he adds with a more serious tone but Astrid is too tired to play the game when she becomes outraged after her father hints at them being in an improper relationship.

"Are you mad?" she asks weakly while stepping behind him and leaning down to hug his shoulders and press her face to his neck.

"Not at all. You know what they say? It's an honor to welcome your chief at your house." He places the knife down on the table and strokes his daughter's head. "Now, go, sleep and wake up early to make him breakfast."

"You know I cannot cook," she protests while standing up.

"I know, dear, that's why you're the one who makes breakfast for our uninvited guests."

6. Sleepy

****This was requested by a dear Anon on tumblr. Feel free to drop by and ask me anything.****

Â§Â§Â§

She was at the Arena when the news of her husband's return reached her. The whole island was buzzing, but no one was happier than the lissom young woman, who not only missed a protecting chief, but also a best friend and an ardent lover, without whom, three weeks meant a constant continuum of heartaches.

She couldn't leave immediately, she and Fishlegs were trying to tame two hot-headed, stubborn Nadders and one trainer wasn't enough to keep them under control - not to mention that she was still the best candidate when it came to the spiky species.

So she just took a deep breath and without saying a word of complaint, stayed in the Arena for another painfully sluggish two hours. When she finally had the chance, she rushed home, as fast as she could, with the vain hope of finding her husband there, but their house turned out to be awfully quiet...

However, a small piece of parchment, a memento of her husband's presence, was lying on the dining table and she recognized the hasty handwriting of the dearest man.

"_Sweet Milady,_"

I miss you like crazy, but I had to go to the forge. Come by to hug your miserable man. H."

She left immediately, but when she arrived at the smithy, he was already gone, having a meeting in the Meade Hall behind closed doors with Spitelout, who was the acting chief in his absence.

Astrid sadly acknowledged that she wouldn't be able to see him for a while, so she wandered around town, trying to kill the time before the night sets in and she has to return to their empty home.

Â§Â§Â§

He knew it was important to pay attention to whatever Spitelout was telling him about, but the day turned into a night and he couldn't concentrate anymore, for all he could think about was his wife.

The end of the lengthy meeting couldn't come soon enough, and his hands trembled when he thought about how he was finally going to be able to hug and love Astrid after what seemed as an eternal amount of time.

He got to their house and carefully opened the door. He spotted her immediately. She was sitting at the big dining table, her head resting on the rough surface, slumbering peacefully.

The sight was so magnificent that he didn't move for long minutes, just silently marveled at his sleeping beauty of a wife.

Then he stepped closer and noticed a bowl of food carefully covered with a napkin and he leaned down to peak under the cloth. It was a delicious looking fish stew and knowing that Astrid was not exactly the domestic goddess type, he started to love her even more " she must have made quite an effort to cook something that actually looked

edible.

He debated waking her up, but he couldn't resist the temptation of touching her, so he sat next to his wife and leaned closer to place a quiet little kiss on her appetizing lips. She smiled faintly and a tender mumble left her weak lips. "Oh, babe, you're home..." She remained on the table, with eyes barely open, obviously being dead tired.

"Hey," he said while stroking her hair, "listen, I need to get you to our bed." She didn't give an answer apart from a feebly nod. His hands snaked around her waist and she pushed herself up a little with wobbly arms to be able to lean into his hug.

He stood up, holding her tightly, but her deep fatigue numbed her body and she wasn't able to walk with him. He bent his knees to be able to lift her up in his arms, holding his wife close his chest as if she was a tired little baby.

"You're sooo strong," she sighed into his ear which made him smile into her silky hair. "Yeah, I'm. So I'm taking my exhausted wife upstairs, and I'll put her into bed."

"I made you dinner..."

"I saw it, looks delicious. Thank you, babe."

He managed to climb the stairs with the little Astrid bundle in his arms, gently putting her down on their bed.

"Could you help me undress?" she asked and he gladly obeyed. He reached under her waist to lift her up a little and he managed to pull her tunic off. She was half naked now and he gazed at her body.

He looked at her delicate breasts with the rosy nipples that peaked when the cold air of the room touched them. He also noticed how her ribs were protruding and that her waist seemed narrower which made him let out a somber sigh...

"You haven't been eating..." He leaned closer to her and placed a few encouraging kisses on her flat belly.

"I kind of lost my appetite... No one was here to... criticize my cooking," she talked slowly, with pauses, but he could tell, that she didn't mind his contact with her skin...

"I'm going to feed you, I like my woman a little curvy." She smiled at his comment, still lying on the bed like a sack of flour, but she took a deep, excited breath when after taking off her boots and socks, he pulled off her leggings and underwear.

"Okay, nightclothes?" He asked turning his head around the room, searching for her linen gown.

"Nononononono," she protested without being able to move, "Take off your clothes, I want to feel your skin on mine."

"Oh, you wouldn't want that, I'm dirty." His fingers were stroking her body with feather light touches, leaving goosebumps all over her

skin.

"Ah... trust me... your sweaty... leathery smell is the... hugest turn on," she whispered.

"You're far too tired to be turned on..."

"Nononono... I want... I want to feel you." His fingers were no caressing her thighs and she needed all her force to spread them two inches apart... The fingers sadly and suddenly left her warm flesh and she felt a momentary depression because of the loss, but then she heard the clicks of his buckles and the swish of leather and soon he was back at her puffing warm air at the golden triangle between her legs.

"Aren't you too tired for this?" He asked and placed a tiny little kiss on the soft hair and a tiny little lick a little lower.

"Nononono... I'm good... good... you just do... do..." Her speech was more and more cluttered, but the muscles on her thighs twitched whenever he touched her. He, himself, was terrible tired too, but the prospect of tasting his wife after a three-week-long thirst was far too charming.

He parted her legs a little and dipped his head down, starting to stroke her with a hungry tongue. Her steady breathing turned uneven and deeper and she let out a desperate moan when his fingers joined his tongue...

The goal was near and she could almost see the finish line behind her closed eyes, but the fatigue that paralyzed her body made it impossible to reach it. Tired fingers landed on his hair and he lifted his head up worrying that he had done something wrong, but her dark, half-lidded eyes were filled with passion.

"I want you," she muttered and he slowly crawled on top of her, never losing the eye contact. He gently moved her right leg to make enough space for himself and tenderly kissed her before reaching for her hips to make entering easier...

He mumbled sweet words into her ear while slowly rocking on her and she smiled every time he said something about her perfectness and giggled a little when a stray strand of his hair ticked her nose.

But tiredness played the same dirty trick on him as it did on Astrid, his end was only a step away, but it seemed that his body was incapable of making it, no matter how wet and tight she was around him...

"I missed you... so much," she whispered and even though he was flattered to hear it, Hiccup started to think about giving it up - or rather postponing it a couple of hours.

"I missed you so much that two days ago... I touched myself..." She felt that he hardened inside her and it gave her some extra strength and made her a little bit more alert.

"I was... thinking about you and... I lay down on the bed..." He let

out a low groan of need and clearly, there was no way it could be postponed now when his super hot, drowsy wife was talking about pleasuring herself while thinking of him...

She gave out a sudden 'Ah' sound when his hardened member touched an overly sensitive spot inside her and she decided on gathering all her strength to be able to make it to the end.

"I lay down on the bed and I..." She didn't say anything more, but her fingers crawled between them, right at the place where they were connected, and she started to stroke herself lazily.

With every touch, she also touched him too, and when she arched her body under him, he lifted himself up to be able to look down between them, to see how she touched her wet folds while his hardness was pumping in and out of her...

It only took a couple more thrusts to reach a simultaneous orgasm and he hugged her tight for a good while afterwards, but then his exhaustion finally defeated him and he collapsed next to his already sleeping wife.

His last thought before drifting away into the darkness was that he should definitely ask Astrid to show him what exactly she did to herself...

7. Stricken

The first night of spring is not cold at all, but his wife feels shivery, so he takes off his coat and places it on her trembling shoulders. He snakes an arm under the thick fur, around her slender waist, and he pulls her closer as they slowly walk home under the star-sprinkled dark sky of Berk.

She drops her head on his shoulder with a tired sigh and all she can think of is their warm bed and the comforting feeling of her husband's nearness and his strong, sheltering arms.

They only need to walk another 200 yards and Hiccup finds the fatigue-induced laggard steps of his wife adorable - she is always so lively and energetic and it's nice to see her in this rare, fragile state when she has to lean on him for support...

Â§Â§Â§

He secretly watches her as she undresses in the feeble light of a single candle flickering on the nightstand, and he could swear that she is glowing in the darkness of their bedroom.

He can't help it, but sometimes he feels that she is out of this world and he dreads the day when the gods will descend to claim her back... But the teenage boy inside him isn't bothered by these enigmatic notions, he just innocently marvels at the sheer beauty that's unfolding before his very eyes and he blushes when he notices that even the shadow-covered sight of her naked body has an instant effect on him...

They are married for almost two years now, but apart from the few times when some uncontrollable demonic lust takes over him and he

fucks her, much to her pleasure, wherever they are, every time they make love feels like the first.

Of course it's not awkward anymore and he doesn't worry about his performance or his love-making skills, but it still feels like getting the greatest gift from her, even after the umpteenth time.

He tries to hide his erection while he changes into his night clothes, but she's far too tired to check out her husband anyways, so she just quietly slips under the furs, lying on her side, waiting him to cover her with his warmth. He sits on the bed and he takes off his leg and he crawls under the pelts and now they're face to face with each other.

She completely closes her half-lid eyes and he leans closer to place a good night kiss on the tip of her nose among the field of tiny freckles. She is still awake and the tenderness of her husband puts a lazy smile on her face and she nestles closer to him.

"Oh-uh," she whispers weakly when she suddenly feels the hardness between his legs, "I'm sorry, babe... I think I'm too tired to help you with that..." Her voice is apologetic and she really feels sorry for not being able to please her man.

She knows it's not her duty and he doesn't expect her to fulfill his needs each and every time, but sex with Hiccup is really the best thing this life can offer.

He puts his hand on her waist and starts to stroke her. "Mmm, it's okay... it's just a reaction to... you know, having an undressed girl in my bed."

She is too exhausted to lift her fist and punch his arm, so she just pinches him under the covers. "Hey, I'm your _wife _and last time I checked, this was _our_ bed."

"Okay, okay," he surrenders with a giggle, "it's an unintentional reaction to my beautiful, undressed wife in our comfy bed."

He ducks his head down to kiss her lips lightly and he lingers there for a couple of seconds, because her mouth is warm and soft and maddeningly sensual.

"Plus," he adds after scooting away a little, "we had sex every day ever since the Einarsson wedding..." His cheekiness earns him another pinch and he hisses between his teeth, because this time it is meant to be painful.

"Are you complaining about having too much sex?" She sounds offended, but she really isn't, it's just too much fun to intimidate her dorky husband.

"Ah, ah, ah, there's no such thing as too much sex with you, but..."

He stops in the middle of his sentence and it's almost audible when something clicks in his mind.

"What now?" She asks impatiently after a minute of disturbing

silence, she is too tired to play games.

"The Einarsson wedding..." He mumbles under his nose and she opens her eyes to get a clearer picture of what's been going on, but the frightened look on her husband's face alarms her.

"Oh, gods..." he groans, "ohgodsohgodsogods." That's all he repeats now and he sounds more and more excited after uttering the next syllable and he suddenly sits up and looks down at the unsuspecting Astrid with emerald eyes wide open.

"By Odin's beard..." He says finally before stopping again.

"Hiccup. I'm going to hurt you, seriously," she warns her with an angry frown on her sleepy face and when he leans close to her with a swift move and pulls her to his chest, she really doesn't know what to think anymore...

It seems that her husband just simply and abruptly lost his mind in the middle of the night.

He pulls back a little to be able to cup her face and he starts to draw gentle circles on her cheeks with his thumbs. His eyes seem bleary when he finally says what he has figured out.

"Astrid... I think I put a baby in you."

It takes a little while until she comprehends his words, but then it's her time to look frightened and sit up with a fast move.

"A what in where?!"

He straightens himself before looking back in her eyes. "The Einarsson wedding... it was almost two months ago."

"And?!" There's an accusing tone in her voice but it's only there to cover up her growing fear. She hopes that it is just some stupid joke and she swears she's going to beat the crap out of him, because this time he is going too far...

He clears his throat and her feisty reaction worries him a little. For granted, they didn't plan on it, but it's not the end of the world, it's the beginning...

"I... it was almost 2 months ago and... you never turned down my
advances... I mean..."

There's no need to finish this sentence, she understands him all too well now.

She never rejected him, because the monthly reason why she rejects him never happened.

Not this month, not the previous one.

Her tiredness is all gone now and she jumps out of the bed and rushes downstairs. It takes a while for him to catch up with her, because he needs to put his leg back on and when he finds her, she is standing at the table, silently looking at an empty box in front of her.

He knows that box, it's the one she keeps her herbal contraceptives... He stands behind her and starts to stroke her naked arms with feathery fingers.

"I ran out of it..." she whispers, mostly to herself, "I ran out of it and forgot to refill..."

He grabs her arm now and turns her around to face him. She buries her face in his chest.

She isn't crying, but she's about to...

"Hey," he says gently into her hair while putting two strong arms around her, "there's nothing wrong with it..."

"There isn't?" She asks weakly, almost sobbing, while lifting her head up to be able to look into his eyes. The broad smile she sees on his face comforts her a little.

"Not at all," he says and hugs her again.

"Well, there is still a chance that I'm not..." she mumbles into her chest, but he cuts her off.

"No. Nope. It's happening. I know it. I need it. I want it."

His stubbornness about their would be baby finally breaks the ice and puts a little smile on the corner of her mouth. The next moment, when he glues his lips on hers, she feels that after the initial strike of fear, all is going to be right with the world, because the centre of her world is this man, her husband, the bravest of them all...

"How about we go back to bed?" He suggests after letting go of her lips and he laces his fingers around hers and starts to lead her back upstairs.

"Ah... I don't think I'll be able to sleep after all of this," she complains.

"I can think of a few things to kill the time with..."

A hard punch lands on his shoulder but her angry face suddenly softens.

"Okay, hotshot, it's not like you can make me more pregnant."

A huge, proud smirk appears on his face then he lifts her up playfully and heads for their bedroom with his sweet burden. She hits his shoulders with her fists as a protest against the gentle violence, but she also giggles a lot and when half an hour and some sweet little nonsense later she finally falls asleep, there's a loving smile on her face...

8. Wicked

****Okay, so fair warning: this one starts innocently but the second half is very smutty with a dominant, rough Hiccup (don't worry, he has his reasons!).****

****Anyways, feel free to follow/ask me on tumblr (haddocksortails) I'm mostly sharing drabbles and pics that I either draw or edit, you know the drill. The good news that all my posts are Hiccstrid/HTTYD related.****

§§§

Jealousy. It's not the first time he feels it, but he hasn't felt it for quite some time now. When they were kids, it was awful, because it seemed that everybody had the right to be around her, except for him, the clumsy one, who wasn't worthy of dragon training despite being the son of the chief.

It's not like she was nice to any of their peers, but at least she noticed the people around her. Anyone but him. He was invisible to her and it was painful, gut-wrenching and hopeless and the green-eyed monster was chewing on his young heart more often than not.

But now, many years later, it is a different kind of jealousy he feels. She is his wife now, and even though he knows it all too well that other men have eyes for her beauty, it never disturbed him, up until now.

And the worst part of it is that he has no right to be angry. They're just nice to each other. They are just chatting. They share a smile or two. He pats her back and she brushes off some dirt from his shoulder. They do it right in front of him, because there's nothing wrong with it, they're just friends and his brain knows he shouldn't feel bad about it, but his heart doesn't.

§§§

It's one of those rare nights when he arrives home earlier, but at least he has some time to lie on their bed, in their dark bedroom with his dark feelings, fixing the ceiling, suffering silently, taking deep breathes occasionally.

She arrives home an hour later and she is beautiful, as always. She drops her coat on the floor and kicks off her boots and she snuggles up to him in the bed with her winter-kissed, rosy cheeks, pressing a cold nose to his cheek, leaving a trail of kisses on his lips.

It's so obvious that she is in a good mood and judging by the way she looks at him while sitting on his crotch, she really wants him. But... it's not working for Hiccup right now, and he just lies under her like a pathetic sack of coal and she notices it and climbs off him with a confused expression.

"What's wrong, babe?" She whispers while leaning closer to him. A "nothing" almost slips out of his mouth as an immediate reaction, but it would be the fattest lie of the word and he doesn't want to disrespect his wife.

He looks at her with grieving eyes and it really frightens her at first.

"I'm... jealous," he mumbles finally and she doesn't say anything for long seconds and everything starts to feel even worse. But then... then she starts to laugh. She sits up and she chortles so hard she

has to press her palms to her stomach. It aggravates him. She has no right to laugh about his big problem, because she is the root of it.

"Sweet Freya," she exclaims and she leans down and frantically starts to kiss him. "Mmmm, you are an idiot. - KISS - You're the biggest idiot - KISS - of this archipelago - KISS - of this world."

She has to stop, because she chuckles again, but he doesn't share her good mood.

"Come, on, say something," She tugs on his tunic impatiently.

"I saw you and Eret..."

"You saw me and Eret do what?"

"Laugh..."

"His a funny man."

"I know."

She doesn't say anything and Hiccup starts to feel awkward. She is right, he is an idiot. "I'm sorry," he groans silently, "it's just... I don't know... he's so sturdy and manly and..."

She cuts him off. "Yeah, but I'm married to you, because..." She hesitates a little. "Can you keep a secret?" She asks finally with a serious face. He gulps hard but he nods. She leans very close to him, her lips almost touch the shell of his ear. "Because I love you..." she whispers then she's back in sitting position and looks down at him with the largest smirk on her face.

"But..." he starts, but she cuts her off again, this time with a gentle kiss.

"Yeah, I know what you think... he is strong and he has tattoos and he is nothing like you. And I might find it a little exciting. Not him, just these bad boy qualities," she admits honestly.

"Am I too good for you?"

"Blah... yes, you're too good but I love you for that. And from time to time you misbehave and I love you for that too."

It's the first time this evening that a little grin appears on his face. He knows what she means by 'misbehave' and the images that pop into his head lighten his mood.

She crawls back on him, propping her weight on two arms while she lowers herself to reach his lips as if she was doing push-ups. "Mmm... Listen," she mumbles to his mouth, "I was kind of waiting to be with you tonight, the whole day, so..."

She doesn't have to finish her sentence, he grabs her wrists and flips her to her back, pinning her hands above her head.

They misbehave for a good two hours.

Â§Â§Â§

The whole 'bad boy' idea sticks in his head. He is thinking about it a lot more than he should, but finally, he figures something out. It's a risky thing for many reasons, but a week later he approaches Eret. He shouldn't be afraid of him, because they have a strong bond and... he's the one who knows the most about the nature of Hiccup's relationship to his wife. Plus he is a man, he will surely understand him without going into the uncomfortable details...

And the young chief's instincts prove correct. When he asks Eret, the ex-trapper lets out a deep, masculine laugh and he shakes his chief's hand to seal the deal. "Anything to keep the missus happy, right?" Eret says with a wink and Hiccup blushes a little, because yeah, his unspoken intentions are quite obvious...

He just needs a couple more days to finish the preparations.

Â§Â§Â§

It's getting dark and Astrid is feeling a bit restless, she wants to go home, but they're still in Hiccup's office at the Arena. His fiddling with a piece of rope in his hands, trying to untie a knot and she gets bored with his clumsiness and decides to help him. "Hey, let me..." She reaches for the rope, but then something unexpected happens: with two swift loops her husband ties it around her wrists and it's kind of tight and she wants to complain about it, but he steps away from her and pulls a large sack over her head.

Whatever this is, she doesn't find it funny and she starts to fight him, but it's not exactly easy with tightly tied hands, halfway in a rough burlap sack. Two strong hands grab her waist and he lifts her up and slings her over his shoulder. She tries to kick him with her free legs, but everything happens so fast and her angry cursing is muffled by the thick material over her head.

He takes her out of the office and puts her on her stomach, across a dragon's back and he sits behind her, holding her tight while her legs hang down at the side of the reptile.

He's not Toothless, it's a more robust dragon with a thicker skin and from the noises he makes as they ascend, she recognizes Skullcrusher. She is really furious now and she tries to free herself, but her wiggling starts to concern him, because they are flying over water and the last thing he wants is her to fall down into the abyss.

He has an idea, but he debates for a moment whether he should do it or not, but then decides on doing it, because if she's already mad, - and he is sure about - it won't make it any worse. So he lifts the plaits of her skirt with one hand while trying to hold her steady with another and then slaps her butt. Hard.

He doesn't want to hurt her, he just wants her to stop with the dangerous twists. It works, she doesn't move anymore. He puts his hand on her butt, but this time in a gentle manner, however, the thought of the red mark of his hand across her pale skin excites him.

Â§Â§Â§

15 minutes later, they land on solid ground - at least that's what Astrid assumes - but when her feet touches the surface, she learns from the gentle rocking that they're on a ship. _Eret's ship_? She is completely confused and she tries to protest against her kidnapping with harsh words, but the wind carries them away and once again, Hiccup steps closer to her and lifts Astrid up much against her will.

He climbs down a few stairs and she knows that he is taking her into the belly of the ship and she silently swears a million times that she is going to get him for his outrageous deed. He puts her down to her feet again and he still doesn't say a word or takes the sack off of her. She hears him walk away and unsuccessfully tries to get out of the freaking thing that makes her blind and mute.

When she finally manages to free herself, her vision is blurry at first but she notices him when he enters the small, almost empty room he took her. Her jaw drops when she sees him. He changed into new clothes and he looks strange, very strange.

It takes a minute for her to recognize that he wanted to give himself a pirate look and he is wearing a sleeveless shirt and it's open on the front, revealing his chest. He also wears a pair of dark, baggy trousers complete with a wide belt and a shiny leather boot and his hair is shaggier than ever before.

The whole situation is very weird, but she starts to understand it and now she gets why he let his facial hair grow a little bit longer...

It's a game he plays, it's her bad boy fantasy that he is trying to fulfill and even though it is still frightening a bit, because it's new and unknown and unheard of, she feels that a wave of excitement is starting to take over her, making her body tremble with sweet anticipation.

He looks at her now and there's an unfamiliar, wicked glow in his eyes. He hesitates a little and she understands that he doesn't know whether she wants to take part in the play he staged or not. But she is stubborn and she is not helping him, she just looks at her husband in the bad boy disguise with angry, narrow eyes.

He steps closer to her and checks the rope. It's still tight and it has already drawn two red circles around her tender wrists. She wants to say something but he puts a finger on her mouth to shush her.

"Blow me," he says simply and even his voice sounds alien to her ears. He behaves outrageously, but... she likes it. She craves it. She is in.

She drops on her knees in front of him and he fumbles with his belt buckle. He takes out his rock hard member and she shyly looks up to him. He doesn't say a thing so her gaze shifts back to his penis and she scoots closer to him.

He drops his hands on her head and she opens her mouth and starts to swallow him while he gently pulls her closer and closer. She swallows

him obediently and he lets out a sigh.

"Good," he says when she starts to move her tongue around him and he buries his fingers deeper in her hair. She feels that a heat is building up in her core and it compels her to move faster and swallow him deeper.

"Very good," he compliments her, "I'm guessing, this is not the first dick in your filthy mouth."

She grunts when she hears his comment and he tugs at her hair. It feels as if he is harder than ever before and his excitement is her pleasure, so she starts to move faster, knowing from his little trembles that the end is getting closer by every stroke of her tongue...

But then he stops her suddenly and he pulls his hardness out of her hungry mouth with a wet plop. He pants for a while and then collects himself. He reaches down for her, grabs her elbow and makes her stand up.

She feels a little dizzy because of her previous head-shaking operations but she doesn't mind it, she is flabbergasted, astonished and amazed.

He grabs her still tied hands and leads her to the wall and he lifts her hands up above her head and she notices a hook on the wall and he hangs her arms there by the rope on her wrists. She can only move a little with her hands up in the air...

The heat in her core starts to reach an unbearable level when he bends down to his boot and stands up with a boot knife in his hand. He carefully slips it under her tunic and starts to cut it slowly. The slashed clothing falls to her sides and reveals her flat and sweaty stomach and her breast bindings.

He sucks in some air before cutting the strip of cloth that covers her and it quickly falls on the floor along with the knife that he drops.

He steps closer to her and covers her swollen breasts with his hands squeezing them harder than usual. He ducks his head down and licks her from her collarbone to her earlobe. "You're one fine whore," he hisses into her ear and squeezes her once again. Her reply is a deep moan and she's still surprised how her (almost) always attentive and terribly nice husband could turn into the perfect scumbag.

He continues to work on her with his tongue and he also bites her several times and not in a gentle manner. He reaches the line of her breasts and he latches onto a nipple and sucks it hard. She cries out in sheer pleasure when she feels the teeth grazing that sensitive part. His hands are busy too, they crawl under her skirt and he drags down her leggings and underwear.

His fingers then snake back between her thighs and when he feels that her sex is dripping with her juices, it's a huge relief, because up until now he wasn't a 100 per cent sure that she enjoys his rough ways as much as he does. The telltale damp signs of her arousal turn him even more on.

With one last lick he leaves her hard nipple and he slips his fingers out from between her legs and he orders her to take her boots off and then he completely frees her from her leggings and underwear. There's nothing left on her apart from her skirt and the slashed tunic and he steps closer to her and pushes her until her back hits the wall behind her.

He bends his knees a little and lifts her up to be able to penetrate her with one fast move and when he is suddenly all inside her, they simultaneously moan. He doesn't stop, not for a second, but starts to fuck her with strong moves and he ducks down his head to be able to suck and nibble on the sensitive skin of her neck. He knows that it will leave purple bruises on her pale skin, but he isn't sorry about that.

It's the way he marks his wife, it's the way he tells the world that she is claimed.

Meanwhile, she enjoys each and every hard thrust. Little screams leave her mouth and she mumbles several versions of his name and she feels that she is going to explode in a minute. It's terrible and wonderful all at same time and even though it hasn't happened yet, if she could, she would put money on that it is going to be an orgasm of a life time, except...

Except he suddenly stops. And he pulls that magic dick of his out of her leaving nothing but despair behind and she wants to throw a tantrum, but he grabs her hand again while panting really hard and he unhooks her and looks at her with big, green eyes and his hair is all wet and it sticks to his forehead.

He looks at her and she looks back at him and they pant in unison and then he quickly ducks his head down and places a kiss on the corner of her mouth and then she grabs her waist and turns her around and lifts her hands and she is back on the hook.

He lifts her skirt up and steps between her legs and he is all inside her again and she wants to sob really hard, because it feels so ungodly good. He starts to fuck her again and he feels that her juices drip down his thigh and it has never happened before and it's amazing. He holds her hips tight but it's a difficult task, they are so wet with sweat that his hands slip on her skin every now and then.

She shuts her eyes and she feels that she sees the skies and the stars and the whole universe behind her closed eyes and she knows that if she cannot reach the peak point, she would die. He, on the other hand, feels that he wouldn't be able to stop even if someone held a knife to his throat, because as of now the only and ultimate purpose of his life is to make them reach their mutual, heated goal.

"Don't you... dare... to... stop," she pants and he tries to bury himself even deeper and harder into her as if it would be even possible at this point. He lifts his left hand up and reaches for her braid and wraps it around his arm and he tugs it and he ducks his head down and bites her neck and this is the point when the whole world shatters around them and nothing exists anymore just the two of them as one...

There's neither sound nor sight around them for long minutes. Then she starts to feel again. She feels his cold, damp body behind hers and her hair is still tangled around his arm and it hurts a bit, but she doesn't mind it at all.

He straightens himself and pulls out and sadly, they're not connected to each other anymore and he gently lifts her hand from the hook and they collapse on the floor together.

There are no words to describe the weakness he feels but somehow he manages to reach her hand with his fingers and he unties her ropes and she is free again, even though she doesn't want to be.

She reaches for his hand and they lace their fingers and they lie on their backs and they both look at the ceiling without words or sounds while the boat gently cradles their haggard bodies...

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****So, how did you like my Domcup?****

9. Possessive

When the sun went down and the darkness started to seep into the village, she decided she would look for him. She hasn't seen him all day and ever since he woke up from the coma, she was very attentive with him. She still remembered the sensation of the heart crushing shock 3 months ago when she saw him falling into the flames of the giant beast and the relief she felt when Stoick's big ear caught the faint beats of his son's brave heart.

There was no reasonable explanation for it, but she felt uncomfortable when a day went by without seeing him.

At least now she knew that he was at the forge - probably doodling some crazy dragon accessory only his brilliant brain could understand. And luckily, the smithy was an easy target, she could always find a good excuse to be there. Like... her axe's blade felt a little dull, sooo... yeah, she needed an expert's opinion. That sounded right, didn't it?

She arrived to the forge couple minutes later, but it seemed abandoned and dark, however, the door was open... She pushed it and saw a dim light peeking out from Hiccup's little lair. She quietly sneaked in and when she was only a few steps away from the half closed door, she heard the muffled noises.

She recognized Hiccup's voice, but whatever he was saying, it was unintelligible. He sounded more like a wild animal, he groaned and panted and hissed and gasped for air every so often.

When she reached the door, she saw him. He stood with his back to her. His right hand was holding onto the edge of the table with knuckles white from his strong grip and his left hand was... Oh.

She couldn't see it clearly, but it was moving rhythmically as if he was tugging at something... And then it hit her. Oh. Oh. Oh. She knew that boys did this, but... it never occurred to her that Hiccup could be doing that too...

"As...oh... Astrid..." He moaned suddenly and Astrid's cheeks started to burn with anger and shame. Oh, no, he didn't just say her name! The tugs seemed to speed up and the awkward mumbles kept falling out of his mouth. "Oh, Gods... Astrid... you-you're... so... per... ah... perfect..."

She just stood there, feet riveted to the ground, with eyes wide open, not daring to disturb his trance. His fingers let go of the table all of a sudden and he grabbed a rag that was on it and he placed it between his legs while he let out one final, deep sigh of her name.

She flinched when she heard his last word and started to draw back, but when she was at the front door again, she decided to pay him a lesson.

"Hiccup?" Her voice was clear and loud and she grinned when she heard the sounds of falling objects and clumsy efforts. She hurried to the back room and when she saw him, she almost laughed up. He was pale and nervous and his voice was trembling. "A-A-Astrid?"

"Oh, there you are!" She sounded cheerful and she immediately spotted the crumpled, untidy rag on the table and she reached for it. "Can I borrow it? I have to wipe my face..."

He jumped as fast as it was humanly possible and stole the rag right before she could touch it.

"Erm... It's mine..." He said embarrassed and buried it deep inside the pocket of his tunic.

Astrid quirked an eyebrow and flashed a lopsided smile. She stepped closer to him and grabbed the trembling boy's fur vest and pulled him close to her, very close.

"I saw what you did, Haddock..." She whispered with an evil tone.

Aaand that was it, the end.

He gulped hard and wanted to die - he was sure that Astrid would gladly help him with his suicide mission.

He wanted to say something, but his mouth was dry and her grip was hard.

And then she said one last sentence before letting go of him and leaving the forge.

"Don't you ever dare to think of someone else while doing that."

It echoed in his ears all night.

10. Denial

**Less smut, more feelings. But I had to do it for poor old Snot.
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He is just a nine-year-old kid, but he has a plethora of goals he's determined to pursue. First of all he wants to be a multiple Thawfest champion, because that's what all men are expected to be in the Jorgenson family. Secondly, he plans to be the fiercest and most frightful dragon slayer of all times, because that's his destiny. And thirdly, he wants to marry Astrid Hofferson, because he, and only he, would be worthy of the most beautiful girl's hand.

He is currently looking at her. It's early summer and they are at the beach, frolicking in the wet sand. Snotlout is not really good at building things, he is more of a destroyer type, so he jealousy watches as his would-be wife is playing with his scrawny cousin. The little shrimp has been building a fort and even Snotlout has to admit that it looks awesome.

It's almost as tall as nine-year-old and there are all kinds of colorful pebbles and rocks at its foundations. The walls are fortified with twigs and branches and there's a deep and wide moat running around it.

Astrid puts down her beloved axe and helps Hiccup with building a bridge that connects the fort with the land and she smiles at him and he has the audacity to smile back at her...

This calls for revenge, so Snotlout sneaks out at night and punches the sand building until it collapses.

Hiccup becomes teary when he discovers the destruction the next day, but he accepts the loss without a word of complaint, like he always does when something bad happens to him.

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When he is chosen for the dragon training, Snotlout strolls up and down the village streets all day like a proud peacock, and he drops by the forge to have his axe sharpened.

There's only one thing that's duller than the blade of his weapon and it's his lame cousin. He brags to him non-stop about his new apprenticeship and he doesn't forget to mention that he is going to spend every day with Astrid and when he sees that the little toothpick twitches, Snotlout lets out a heartfelt laugh. He knows it's cruel, but he doesn't think he should care.

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The things don't turn out as he planned and the world around him constantly twists and turns. His lame cousin is suddenly a celebrated hero, but he doesn't mind it at first, because he is genuinely happy when he learns that Hiccup woke up from the coma.

He is a little less enthusiastic when he hears that Astrid kissed the pathetic little pile of bones, but he wasn't present and it was probably just an accident.

Like she tripped in a rock and fell on his mouth. Things like that happen all the time.

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There are constant rumors about Hiccup and Astrid but he doesn't care much for that kind of yakcrap. There's no way that majestic woman would ever want anything from that half-witted gnat when she could have all of him, Snotlout, the brawniest, brainiest Viking this archipelago has ever seen.

But then an unlucky incident happens: he breaks her arm. She is a casualty of the great dragon race war and she looks really pale and frightened and Snotlout freezes, because he has never seen the fragile side of her and it's unsettling.

Hiccup, however, takes control of the situation and he quickly and carefully wraps a belt around the fractured bone to hold it in place. He then gently helps Astrid to saddle Toothless and he sits behind her. He pulls her close to his chest to keep her safe before heading off to the healer.

Snotlout looks at the couple and for a second it seems that Hiccup ducks his head down and places a lingering kiss on her lips, but he must have been mistaken. Yeah, the sun was in his eyes.

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Dragon races are over and there is a huge celebration in the Meade Hall followed by a bonfire at the harbor. Everybody is in a joyous mood and most Vikings are dizzy with alcohol and when the sun sets, the people start to head to the shore to see the fire.

The Hall is almost empty and Snotlout looks for Astrid, because a romantic setting - like a huge fire - could turn her attention towards him.

He wanders from corner to corner with unstable, tipsy feet and she is nowhere to be found.

He almost gives it up when he hears a muffled little moan coming from near the wall, but a huge oak table blocks the sight. He takes a few steps towards the noise and there she is... sitting on the floor with her back to the wall and... argh... his stupid cousin is all over her...

Their lips are locked and Hiccup moves slowly but fueled by desire. Snotlout vomits in his mouth a little when he notices that there are tongues involved in their scandalous operations...

What's more, Hiccup's arms are around her waist and his thumb slips under the hem of her tunic and traces her waistline. Snotlout catches a glimpse of white flesh and it repels him how she enjoys the light touches on her flat stomach. Hiccup shifts his hips, but he never lets go of his sweet prey and when he crosses one leg over another, Snotlout blushes. After all, he is a man, too, and he very well knows what cousin Hiccup is trying to hide so eagerly...

He somehow manages to get to the shore and when Ruffnut asks about Astrid and Hiccup, he just shrugs; how should he know? Then Tuffnut makes a vulgar move with her hands indicating a certain sexual activity, but Snotlout shakes his head violently. "Nononono, she's not doing _that_... They're just friends... Like pretty close

friends."

The others don't comment.

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Hiccup announces their wedding and it shouldn't hurt the way it hurts, because Astrid should be old news by now. But unfortunately it does, and Snotlout feels he needs to disappear for a while so without telling anyone, he saddles up Hookfang and flies away.

He spends two days on a deserted shore doing nothing but figuratively licking his phantom wounds.

Then he figures they're only doing it, because Hiccup feels lonely in that big house and Astrid... Astrid probably wants more freedom and compared to her parents, the chief is a total pushover.

He goes back to Berk two days later and the whole island is buzzing because of the forthcoming nuptials, but Ruffnut... she seems genuinely worried about him.

That night they get close to each other, like... really
close.

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It's their wedding and he feels uncomfortable. Astrid is more than beautiful and he wants to share it with her, because he's not sure his clumsy cousin dares to say it to her and she deserves to know it.

He watches Hiccup as he is sitting next to his divine bride and he is clearly no match for her.

Snotlout closes his eyes and whispers a little prayer to the Gods above to make him change seats with Hiccup, but when he opens them again, the couple is already standing, hand in hand, ready to leave the celebrating crowd for their wedding night.

He wants to congratulate them as a goodbye, because he has his manners, but when he stands in front of her, no sound leaves his mouth, his lips are mutely trembling.

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Her pregnancy is fairly visible now and every time he faces her, the sight shocks him. He cannot imagine that she let his gawky cousin do the things that could have led to her current state...

For granted, he is the chief and power can be charming for most women, but Astrid is not most women...

He remembers hearing stories about spirits and trolls impregnating human women and that thought comforts him. That must be the case.

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The baby is born and he avoids looking at it at all costs. All babies

are the same, they are pink and wrinkly and ugly. This one, at least, is surely hideous, after all he is a spawn of a troll...

But unfortunately he is bumping into them. He tries to sneak away when he notices Astrid and Hiccup and the small little bundle in Hiccup's arms, but they notice him. Astrid kindly waves to him and invites Snotlout to come closer. She nods to Hiccup with a proud smile and his cousin turns the troll baby towards him...

Snotlout bites his lip to avoid screaming, but... the baby is actually _cute_. He giggles when he sees Snotlout's big eyebrows and babbles when he frowns the huge, furry caterpillars.

He looks at him and notices the baby's chestnut-colored hair and the little freckles that cover his rosy cheeks. He has big, emerald eyes and he smiles exactly like his daddy...

Snotlout shifts his gaze from the little one to Astrid. He sees how she places a tender hand on the baby and stands on her tiptoes to be able to kiss her husband.

And that's the moment when he realizes that he has lost _Astrid Haddock_ for good.

11. Talkative

****Tumblr drabble request: "Astrid and Hiccup having a full on conversation during sex."****

****And voilà :****

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It doesn't happen very often that he is so genuinely angry. He doesn't even try to suppress his rage, the dam of control opens and he lets his wrath sink the metaphorical ships and drown the literal people around him.

"Astrid, I forbid you to go with them!" He hisses between his teeth and he grabs her lower arms and agitatedly but unintentionally digs ten finger nails into her pale flesh. It's probably the 10th time today he tells her that she is not allowed to leave, but as of now, there's a change in his tone and he is not nice and worried anymore but stern and angry.

"You have no right to do that!" She yanks her arms away and ten red lines run down on her skin where Hiccup's nails scratch her.

"I have every right to do that!" The fight is completely useless. She knows he won't let her go because he thinks it's far too dangerous for her, but she is stubborn as a half-witted yak and she wants to fight her battles.

"Name one!" She exclaims finally, but she knows his answers and reasons all too well.

"I am your chief."

"Oh, so you're playing the chief card now?" Her voice turns

sarcastic, even beguiling and everyone around knows her fury has never had any boundaries...

Hiccup looks at their frightened friends and he wants to comfort them, but Astrid isn't finished yet and he needs to stop her first.

"Yes, I'm playing the chief card. And as a matter of fact, the husband card, too" he says with narrow eyes and there's nothing nice or kind about him, which is quite unusual. "The others will go. You stay."

She shakes her head. She has never felt this angry. Neither has he. On the other hand, Tuffnut, Ruffnut and Snotlout have never felt this much fear...

He clears his throat and looks at Astrid. "I, as your chief, order you to come home with me, immediately. If you disobey me, there's going to be consequences. Like banning you from the academy." His voice sounds dry and serious and he doesn't want to say these things, but he has to.

She looks at him and a storm is gathering in her deep blue eyes, but luckily, the lightnings don't strike and the thunders forget to roll. She just casually walks up to Toothless and straddles him with a groan and patiently waits for his tyrant of a husband to sit behind her.

He wishes good luck to the other three riders and asks them to report back immediately upon arriving back to Berk. Ruffnut and Tuffnut sit on their Zippleback and Snotlout mounts the Nightmare and a couple of seconds later, they are just small dots on the cloudy sky. He turns to his wife, but she angrily looks away, so he just shrugs and sits behind her.

"Home," that's the only word he says and Astrid tries to pull away from him, but his strong arm around her doesn't let her.

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They enter their home and both of them are still mute, silent as two dead sparrows. She kicks off her boots and walks upstairs to their bedroom. He just stands in the hall, looking at the stairs long after she has gone. Then he shakes his head and leans down to put her forgotten boots to their place and he straightens himself.

He knows he has to go upstairs and discuss the issues and sort out the problems it's just hard... He has never felt so distant from her.

He walks up the stairs with heavy legs and an even heavier heart and he finds her sitting on their bed leaning to the headboard, resting her hands on her lap.

He sits next to her and she scoots away a little to give him some space, but neither say anything for five, infinitely long minutes. Then he reaches out and gently takes her hand. His long fingers lace with hers and his thumb softly strokes the back of her hand.

"I'm sorry," she says finally and her voice is barely audible.

"It's okay... I just don't want to fight you. Or give orders to you." He looks at her with timid eyes and he still doesn't understand how he had the courage to threaten her...

"I know I'm crazy..."

At least, she sounds honest and it's comforting. He leans closer to her and places a kiss on the tender skin of her neck. He inhales deeply when he smells the rose oil on her skin that he likes so much.

"You're not crazy... you're just pregnant."

"Pregnant crazy."

"Could be... Otherwise why on Earth would you want to go to an island full of wild Timberjacks and untamed Changewings to do physical work when you're almost 7 months pregnant?"

His words are not harsh, but she pouts and her eyes fill with tears. She is too cute to resist so he pulls her closer and kisses the corners of her mouth.

"Are we good now? Or... at least.. better?" He asks and she nods.

"Great. Well... don't be so reckless, babe... You know, you have to take care of the baby, too. You're responsible for the both of you and yeah... I'm responsible for you too."

She nods again then hesitates before letting out the things that had caused such a turmoil inside her. "I just hate that... I cannot do the things I want to... I hate how my body has changed."

He leans back and kisses her cheek. "I love how your body has changed..."

"Liar."

This word is never a nice one to hear, but Hiccup feels especially offended. "Why would you even say that?" He tries to hide his shock with an astonished tone.

She takes her hand back from him and she presses both of her palms on her warm, ruddy face.

"We haven't had sex the past couple of days..."

He shakes his head and hugs her. He buries his nose in her soft hair and takes a deep breath to fill his lungs with the flowery scent before he mumbles into the golden waves. "Babe... I had a meeting yesterday and when I came back, you were already sleeping... And the day before yesterday... I was in the Arena with Fishlegs... And you were sleeping, when I came back..."

Her head is pressed tightly to his chest and she hears his deep heart beats. It's comforting but the things he is saying are not quite... He lifts his head now and ducks it down in search of her lips and

when he finds them, he gently latches onto them and he kisses her as if he would never want to end it, but they part and he keeps talking. "But three days ago?" He is panting hard but meanwhile his hands find their way to the straps that keep her tunic together. "Yeah...three Days ago... You... Came to the forge and..."

The memory makes her shiver.

"But... I'm so ugly..." His trained fingers untie the bows and he carefully pulls the piece of clothing off. "My hair lost its shine..."

"You're delusional, babe, it's like liquid gold..." His fingers were messing with her breast bindings, but he stops the undressing and raises his hand and carefully removes every pin and leather cord from her hair, making it free. The yellow ocean runs down on her back like a rapid, sun kissed waterfall and he grabs two handfuls of it and buries his nose into the rose-scented parade. "It's beautiful, you silly girl, and it's so awesome that you only let it down for me..."

"Okay, but my... my face is... bleh... puffy."

A wet mouth finds her cheek and starts to hungrily kiss her from the cheekbones down to her lips, where it lingers a bit and then travels further down to her chin. "Mmm... your face is glowing too. And... argh... You have the bluest eyes I've ever seen. They're like when the ocean meets the sky and you feel lost when you marvel at the mightiness of the distant horizon."

She wants to laugh at the obvious gibberish he is telling to her, but his hands find their way back to her bindings and he starts to unwrap her... "And I love those shiny little pearls in your mouth..." He licks her neck and sucks at a sensitive spot. "It makes me so horny when you bite me..." He lifts his head now and looks at her. She grins and flashes the aforementioned pearls.

His fingers touch her bare breasts now and she hisses, both from the sensation and because of her self-consciousness... "Eh, my boobs became saggy... I shouldn't even call them boobs, they are just giant sad bags..."

Hiccup laughs at her while testing their weight and brushing her nipples with calloused thumbs. She moans and he leans down to cover them with kisses. "Mmmm... Trust me, Astrid, I'm the first and foremost fan of you breasts and mmm... they are amazing..."

He sticks out his tongue and licks her pebbles, one after the other, and when he hears her moans, he starts to gently suck on the right while his fingers rub the left. She tries to control herself a little, but it's pretty much impossible at this level of excitement.

His tongue is replaced by his other hand, because he wants to talk again. "Trust me, I noticed them on the first day they appeared..." Her fists lands on his upper arm and it's not the best idea, because he lets go of her breast to massage the spot she hit.

"Pervert," she hisses between her teeth and he makes a funny, offended face, "Hey, I'm a man, I notice things." He leans back again

to nibble on a nipple an blah, that cheeky bastard really knows his thing, because she starts to moan heavily. "Ah... so, you were... aaa, ogling my li-little... girl tits?"

He smiles and his mouth plops when he leaves the nipple he was teasing with his tongue. "Yep, my eyes were glued to them and... I was thinking about them a lot.." He hesitates before he continues because he knows it very well that his honesty will only earn him some further pain. Not that he minds it, Astrid's punches will always be the hugest turn ons...

"So, I was thinking a lot about them in my bedroom, the forge a-and... some other places." This time, she doesn't hit him just frowns. He takes a moment to look at her chest and to marvel at the breasts he is still holding in his hands. "They're bigger now and curvier..." He ducks his head down to place two sloppy kisses on each and it makes her sigh. "...and they're more sensitive and you're nipples are a shade darker, but trust me, the way you're changing is a whole new level of excitement."

Ah, she really hates how the stupid pregnancy turned her into such a wuss and her horniness changes into sensitivity and she starts to sniff, because her husband is just the best husband of the world and he is making her feel sexy even though she sees herself as a big fat land whale...

His hands leave her chest and she feels his fingers on her tummy and there's no way he could find her bloated body attractive. "I'm big," she moans and this time her voice isn't husky but exhausted.

He leans down and kisses her belly gently. "But I made you big..." He grins and she rolls her eyes. There they are again... his husband is proud that now it's visible that she lets him fuck her... He is such an idiot...

He leaves a series of kisses around her navel and he licks her sensitive skin and looks at the trail of goose bumps that appear on her damp skin. "He is sleeping..." "Dah, because he's already a terrible kid and he sleeps by day and keeps me up at night."

Hiccup smiles because it's such a touching thought that their little offspring has a personality and he cannot wait until he meets him in person, but as of now, he has business to do with Astrid...

He leans close to her belly button. "Sorry kid if we wake you up, but... You know, you have one sexy mama and I have to make love to her..." He stops and looks at Astrid and he sees disbelief and astonishment on her face. "What, babe?" He asks tenderly while he straightens himself and gently touches the tip of his nose to hers.

"Do-do you find all of this se-sexy?" Her voice is weak and it sounds as if she was crying. He doesn't say anything, but searches for her hand and he takes it and pulls it down to his pants. His belt is unbuckled and he can slip their hands inside his pants and he laces her fingers around his hardness.

"I wouldn't be able to fake that, would I?" A small smile appears in the corner of Astrid's mouth and he leans closer to kiss her while her soft fingers gently pump him. It feels good, it feels really

really good, as always, but he wants her to be the centre of attention now so he breaks the kiss and stops her hand.

"Let me get back to your belly, okay?" She nods timidly and there he is, down at her navel, kissing and licking her but his lips are traveling further down...

His stubbles tickle her and she giggles. "That's erm... not exactly my abdomen..."

"I know," he says confidently and sniffs into her golden triangle. The smell is intoxicating as always and he can hardly wait to taste her... "You have a problem with me being here?"

He teases her and the feel of his warm breath between her leg is killing her. "Nope, nope. I mean, it's okay..." She sounds embarrassed but he knows how much she likes him there.

"Good..." He licks her and she loudly breathes in some air. "Good, because I love it here..." He licks her again, this time slower and his tongue draws a circle around the hidden bundle of nerves between her legs. She inhales sharply again and it almost sounds like a little scream.

"I-I love when you are the-there..." She admits while panting hard. He presses his tongue harder to the nub and then starts to suck it.

She is trembling with the pleasures his diligent work offers her and to ease the tension, she grabs some furs under her head. He slows his moves and then raises his head and tilts it to the right to be able to make eye contact with her.

She looks beautiful with her messy hair and rosy cheeks. Her skin glitters because she is sweating and her mouth is half open. She is panting and she wants to be pleased. He looks at her while pushing two fingers inside her. "I don't even know which one I like more... making love to you or... eating you out."

He is vulgar but she doesn't mind it now, because it's exciting and stupidly erotic. His pushing and pulling her fingers and enjoys the view of her contorted face. The little waves of pleasure makes it hard to talk but she tries anyway. "How-how about dra-dragon rid-ing?"

"Well, please don't tell it to Toothless... but he finished at a close third-place." He keeps the rhythm with his fingers and before he starts the next round, he pushes a third finger inside her. She groans his name and she has to close her eyes because it's so fucking good... He ducks his head down and he starts to lick her clit again while continuing the delicate operations with his fingers.

She moans and groans and even growls and she is trembling and she twists her body and he really really wants to make her cum so he sucks harder on her clit and his other hand snakes under his tongue and he starts to rub her with two fingers while he keeps licking her.

And that's it.

The two hands and the tongue are finally successful. She arches her back and her body tenses and when she comes, she loudly screams his name a couple of times. And then it is over and she sobs a little and he climbs back next to her to hold her tight.

There's a muffled laughter coming from under their window and he recognizes the voice of one of Eret's ex-trappers. "Way to go, chief!" The man's happy exclamation is followed by a wolf-whistle. Hiccup rolls his eyes. "Fuck... I forgot to close the shutters..."

He debates going to the window, but he has further plans with his wife and not necessary quiet ones...

"Okay..." He stands up with a grunt wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and walks to the window. He mumbles something to the outsiders, but Astrid cannot hear it and she doesn't care, but then he finally closes the shutters with a loud bang.

The room is a lot darker now but he takes his time to marvel at the shadowy figure of his naked wife before going back to her. He sits down and she helps him get rid of his tunic. The piece of clothing lands on the floor and she tugs at the hem of his pants.

"Off with the pants, too," she says and he obeys and when he is equally naked, he leans onto the headboard and she climbs on top of him and leans close to his ear. "Hiccup, you were so nice to me and... may I compliment you too?"

He flashes a gap-toothed smile and she leans even closer to him while he supports her by placing his hands on her hips.

She whispers into his ears and he becomes the darkest shade of red.

"Gods, Astrid, you..."

She places a finger on his mouth. "Enough with the small talk, I want something big."

12. Stinky

Okay, this happened because of a wonderful request on tumblr and there's a baby in it. If you want to learn more about the baby, check out the last chapter of Rendezvous on Itchy Armpit, entitled One Breath. (It pretty much works as a stand alone chapter, so there's no need to read the whole thingy.)

Â§Â§Â§

Astrid has never been so tired in her life. It felt as if someone kept her head constantly under water and she would be too exhausted to properly drown. Her eyes were burning and everything was aching, fatigue feasted on her weak muscles. Now, the situation is slightly better, because it's a calm, lazy afternoon with no apparent urgencies and she is sitting on their bed, resting her heavy head on her husband's shoulder and watches as he is playing with the cause of all her misery. And joy. Because baby Finn is really the best thing she has ever had in her life, but unfortunately, he doesn't like to

sleep at night. At least not when he is teething.

Now he is playing the cute as he is sitting on his daddy's lap holding himself in position by gripping onto Hiccup's two thumbs with his chubby little hands, but he is a living nightmare when he screams all night and sleep deprivation starts to take its toll on Astrid. But he is still an amazing little bundle of sweetness while he is giggling loudly, because he tries to get Toothless's attention. The poor dragon is lying next to the bed, but the vigils the baby forces on their little family, tires him too. He has lost interest in playing a long time ago, so he just lets out a prolonged yawn and covers his eyes with his tail.

Astrid tries to say something, but only incomprehensible mumbles leave her mouth, which makes Hiccup let out a weak, muffled laugh. He turns and kisses the top of her head. "I know, babe... our little joyball is destroying me too..." Finn giggles again and someone knocks on their door. Neither of them has enough strength to stand up and go down the stairs, Astrid isn't even fit enough to say a proper sentence, so Hiccup shouts to their visitor to let her- or himself in.

Someone opens the door and closes it with a loud thud, and a moment later, heavy steps make their stairs squeak. It's Snotlout and Astrid remembers that she has promised him she would think about his offer. Babysitting. That was his offer. And it's weird, because even though baby Finn is adorable beyond belief, but who would have thought that Snot's motherly instincts kick in?

He walks to their bed and leans down to greet Finn and the baby laughs and coos, because he just loves Uncle Snot and his big, bushy eyebrows. He offers a finger to the little one who lets go of his daddy's digits and grabs the new and chubbier pointer and buries it in his mouth.

Snotlout smirks then says a funny "ouch" when the little toothless gums close around him tightly.

He turns to Astrid. "Erm... Have you thought about my offer?"

Hiccup is puzzled, but Astrid gathers whatever is left of her vitality to give him an explanation. "Snotlout wants to behave like a responsible adult and... he wants to babysit Finn."

"Oh," that's all Hiccup can say.

"I just want to take him for a walk... You know, just show him the cool places and all...aaand... maybe you'll have some time to rest?"

Snot sounds dangerously and unusually logical and even considerate. It's so not him and it concerns Astrid a bit. Of course, she is 200 per cent sure that Snot would never ever harm Finn, but still... he is still Snotlout. What's even more disturbing is that he seems to genuinely like the kid. And she feels a bit cornered, because, yeah... they desperately need some sleep. Valka is away for a couple of weeks, checking some dragon colonies in the South. Her parents are in quarantine because of some weird flu they have and as of now, they need all the attention their daughter can pay them, which is not much, since she is still a fairly new mother and a veteran

dragontrainer. And even if he is so fond of the little one, they cannot ask Gobber all the time to help with the baby...

Astrid takes a deep sigh and nods. "Hiccup, show him how to wear that fucking baby carrier you made and... he will probably need some milk too."

"Milk? What milk?" Snotlout seems a bit confused and his alert expression puts a smile on Hiccup's tired face.

"Argh... He is a baby, he feeds on milk."

"Okay, Astrid, but how? I don't have the right equipment to feed him." Well, probably it wasn't the best idea to draw imaginary breasts on his chest, because Astrid now seems both furious and tired, which is a lethal combination, but Hiccup finds it way too funny and laughs up again. And luckily, nobody in the room notices when his eyes wander to his wife's cleavage, but it's his lawful right to stare at her, anyways.

"There's a pouch of milk downstairs, you idiot. When he cries, grab the pouch, find an orifice on him and pour it in." Astrid sounds angry and impatient and she starts to second guess the whole idea of trusting the defenseless little one with their dumbest friend... But Finn seems to be okay with it. Hiccup has already handed him over to Snot, because he needs to get off the bed and the baby gurgles with laughter when he grabs the brawny Viking's massive nose. It makes Snotlout laugh to and Astrid is surprised to see how gentle he can be when he carefully removes the tiny hand from his big old snout.

"You have one strong grip, babyface," he adds and Astrid's jaw drops because she has never thought that one day he would see the adorable side of the Jorgensen boy.

"I'll sort it out, you just go to sleep," says her husband and she leans down on a comfy, tempting pillow.

The two men walk downstairs with the baby and she is half-asleep when Hiccup lies back next to her.

"Was everything alright?" She asks sleepily.

"Yep, I gave him specific instructions and I tied the baby on him. Also threatened to break his leg if he trips and falls."

"Good."

"Astrid?"

"Hmm?"

"Is it weird that I find Snotlout _cute_?"

Astrid giggles and scoots closer to him. "Yeah, it's weird."

Hiccup hesitates. Even though he is dead tired, the warm body pressed to his front gives him an idea...

"Astrid... erm... hey, we're alone..." His hand finds the hem of her

tunic and he suggestively tugs at it...

"Oh, for the love of Freya..."

"Okay, sorry, I know you're tired, I just..."

"Haddock, if you want to have your wicked ways with me, just do it, but don't you dare to wake me up."

He smiles and hugs her closer. Two seconds later, they are both asleep.

Â§Â§Â§

Snotlout enjoys the company of the baby, because he is cute and smells good and he makes the funniest sounds. But... he also considers himself a practical thinker and combining work with pleasure is a logical step.

So, when he wanted to make the Haddocks' lives a little easier, he was also thinking about making his life a bit more joyous. Preferably. Berk is now a thriving island with people coming over to trade goods and Eret has opened a little inn at the port and a certain Miss Thorston is helping him out with the customers.

It's still early in the afternoon, so probably she isn't too busy right now and, it's a well-known fact that women die for cute babies, even those ones who are a bit rough around the edges, like the one his heart is beating for.

The plan is simple: he pays a visit to her with his adorable companion and when she sees how good he is with the tiny Haddock, she will consider tying their loose bonds a little tighter...

She has seen his tough side many times before, now it's time to reveal that he has a softer spot as well. The sun is shining and he is whistling all the way to the port and Finn is cooing and giggling at his chest. He strokes the baby's soft hair and a cute little face lifts up and two big green eyes look at him.

"You're my accomplice, Finn and you're going to be the best, because babies are the best partners in crime. You know why? Because they don't talk and they never rat you out."

The baby gurgles again and Snotlout strokes him once more. "You're one kick ass baby, Finn."

They get to the inn and when they enter, Snotlout happily notices that they arrived just at the right time. As he suspected, the place is empty, except for Ruffnut, who is sweeping the floor while cursing under her breath.

"What's wrong, princess?"

"I just hate this dumbass job, I wanted to get away from home to avoid the household chores, and look at me, I'm sweeping my fucking life away."

"Hey, do you ride your dragon with that mouth?" Snotlout pedantically puts two palms on Finn's ear.

"Wait a minute..." Ruffnut finally notices the baby on Snotlout's chest and she leans her broom to the wall and walks closer to her visitors. "Did you kill Astrid?" She asks with a terrified expression.

"What? Why? No! Of course not."

"Then how did you get hold of the baby? Did you get rid off Hiccup? Did you bury him? I mean, that would be awesome, but hey... He is our chief. And our friend. " She talks very fast, as always when she gets excited and she steps closer and closer to the man with the baby.

"No. They just gave him to me. I'm their baby sitter. They trust me."

Ruffnut still feels that it is way too suspicious and quirks an eyebrow. She wouldn't trust a dull rock on him and she is careless and irresponsible, but Astrid and Hiccup... yeah, they are grown ups, like their parents, they are parents...

Meanwhile, Snotlout ducks his head down and the baby starts to laugh and grabs his nose. Snotlout makes a funny noise and it couldn't be the first time they play that, because Finn grabs and giggles again. Ruffnut has to admit that a baby can make even Snot cute. And handsome. He looks handsome while he is playing with the mini Haddock.

"This baby suits you..." She says and she almost sounds gentle. Snot's eyes light up, because his plan seems to be working out; the girl fish has swallowed the baby bait... sort of.

"Yeah, you know, I'm kind of looking for someone to have babies with. You know... a woman... Like yourself."

"Oh..." That's all Ruffnut can say and they are almost at kissing distance... If there wasn't a baby between them, he would surly grab her tunic and... Suddenly and quite unexpectedly the baby starts to cry.

"That outgrowth on your chest is a bit noise." Ruff tries to sound distant and even colder, but her telltale eyes seem a bit concerned. It's another chance for Snot to shine his baby sitting qualities and he gets the pouch of milk out from his pocket, but unfortunately it's dripping and when Finn smells it, he cries even louder.

"You're frightening away the potential guests, you know? Chief baby or not, I should kick you out."

Luckily, Snot manages to latch the little one on the pouch and Finn starts to drink with huge gulps.

"There, there..." He says and gently strokes the babies head while looking into those huge emerald eyes that are still glistening with tears. Suddenly, he feels that a warm shoulder is pressed to his and finally it seems that Ruff is melting up a bit... If only he had a free hand, he could snake it around her waist and bring her closer...

Meanwhile, little Finn sucks the pouch dry and seems a bit disappointed when there's not one drop left. Snotlout wipes the baby's mouth with his sleeve and Finn smiles at him. The muscular Viking nanny looks up proudly only to discover the same, content smile on Ruffnuts face. She lifts her head and they lock gazes and this is the moment when...

When the baby burps.

Snotlout uncomfortably lets out a giggle, because you know, babies and all, and it seems that Ruffnut isn't even disturbed by the sudden and loud noise. She looks at him with a tender expression that he has never seen on her face before, and she leans closer to him and they're almost there where mouths crush and lips touch and...

"What's that smell?!" Her voice is harsh and after all this tenderness, it almost hurts his ears.

"I swear, I washed for you, babe." He feels cheated, because it's not even a lie, he really did wash. A couple of days ago. But girls like manly smells... or if they don't, they should.

"Ooo, it's not you, dumbdumb, it's the baby. Or at least I hope it's the baby."

He sniffs in the air and... ugh... The smell is massive and nauseating and...

Ruffnut grabs his arm and starts to push him out. "You, pervert, and your little stinker buddy! Yes, I'm looking at you, baby Haddock, both of you leave the premises immediately."

"But Ruff, he is just..."

"This is a place where we serve food and we don't need tiny smelly people here."

Snotlouts wants to protest, but they're kicked out from the public house and Ruffnut shuts the door before he could say another word.

He feels disappointed and lets out a deep sigh. Finn for some reason, finds it hilarious and starts to giggle, but then he notices the frown on his dedicated sitter's face and his little mouth forms an O and he's about to cry...

Snotlout gently pats his little back. "It's okay, you're my buddy, but you know what? I'm giving you your first dude code lesson: we never cockblock our friends."

13. Dirty

****I got so many requests, so Domcup is back...****

Sex is still a fairly new thing. It's not awkward or weird or anything like that, it's just confidential and fragile. They don't talk about it, it just happens and when it happens, it's good. Nay, it's great. It's almost better than great, but... They don't really

know how to handle it or how to address it. It's not a habit, it's an instinct and people don't discuss their instincts, they can't.

Normally she doesn't think about it. She doesn't plan on it and she doesn't expect it. Usually it's just about one thing leading to another. But now? Now it's different. Now all she can think about is _sex_.

He is standing a couple steps away from her with a heavy hammer in his hand, working on a sword, concentrating on nothing else. But she is very well aware of him. She sees the little muscles dancing on his bare upper arm. She notices the little trails of sweat running down on his shirtless back. She presses her lips together when her eyes shift to the small of his back where she can see two dimples, just above his belt...

She wants to lick his skin to taste the salty sweat. She wants to bite him to leave her mark. She wants to feel the beat of his heart beneath her own. She wants him to take her passionately. She wants him to tug at her braid while he moans her name. She wants him to whisper dirty words into her ears. But...

The problem is, he doesn't care about her, he is far too distracted by the work at hand.

She is sitting on a stool, silently, as if his mere presence would be enough to fulfill her needs, but inside she is raging. Storming and suffering. She wants to have his full attention.

"Eh, it's so warm in here," she says finally. He doesn't stop with the hammering. "Well, it's a forge... But you're right, milady, it's unusually hot."

He doesn't even look at her and it's annoying.

"Do you mind if I take it off?" She asks and now he has to redirect his gaze. She is holding one hand up and her other hand is tugging at the sleeve of her tunic.

He smiles. "Not at all. I've gotten rid of mine a long time ago." And that's it. The sword in his hand has his attention again.

It's unbelievable, it's almost ridiculous. She peels the tunic off and even though he must have heard the soft swish of the fabric, he doesn't look up again. She folds it neatly and places the bundle on the floor. Her eyes are still glued to his back and she slips a couple of fingers under her breast bindings to loosen them up a little. They're too tight and they press everything down, making her look flatter than she really is. After a little fumbling, she looks down on her cleavage and it's way better now.

She needs to be delicious and tempting, because she wants to seduce him.

She stands up and straightens herself, it makes her taller and her breasts perkier. She casually and confidently steps closer to him.

"Is there something special about this sword?" He looks up at her and

his eyes immediately wander down, but only for a fraction of a second. She feels cheated when a moment later, he is looking at the blade again.

"No, it's just a regular sword, I don't even know who needs it."

She steps even closer and her nipples brush his arm.

"Babe, be careful, I don't want you to get burned."

He is attentive as always, but this is terrible. His horny girlfriend is standing right next to him with barely covered breasts and passionate glances and he does nothing.

She clears her throat and tries with a hint again. "I wish I had a sword in my hand right now... I want to lace my fingers around the grip."

He chuckles. "Sorry, babe, I cannot help you, this one is nowhere near ready."

He cannot see her disappointed face. It's painfully obvious that she wasn't talking about the sword, but he doesn't react. The heat inside her is almost unbearable. She wants to stand in front of him and shout 'I want to have sex!' in his face, but she cannot do that. What would he think of her?

"It's okay... I think my hands are just feel empty..." She wants him to unbuckle his belt and shamelessly put his hard member in her hands. But it doesn't happen, he just lifts the sword up and takes it to a barrel of water. The hot blade hisses when he submerges it.

"There's not much I can offer you now," he says lightly while inhaling the steam of the hot iron.

She's going to explode. If he doesn't do or say anything dirty, she is going to break into a million pieces.

As a last, futile attempt, she bends down slowly with her butt sticking out, to pick up a large nail from the floor. She wants him to grab her tush and say something scandalous, but again, nothing happens. Even if he had seen her, he didn't care.

Suddenly, he turns around and mumbles something before heading for his little room in the back of the smithy.

And that's the moment when Astrid decides to leave. She has to. Her core is still starving and she needs to feed the hungry beast somehow. She needs to go home and grind to one of her pillows to ease the pain that her urges cause. No, it won't be nowhere near as good as when he does things to her, but he isn't receptive and she won't beg.

No, no, no, Astrid Hofferson doesn't beg for sex. She doesn't say direct commands.

"Astrid, could you bring in that nail you've just found? Please? I need it."

His voice sounds indifferent and it makes her even more upset. She grabs the nail and angrily walks into his room. He is standing in front of the large cupboard, not even looking at her when she arrives. She slaps the nail on the table, with her back to him, and takes a deep breath, because she doesn't want him to notice her irritable mood.

"You know... I think I had better get going." Her words sound light and thanks Thor, there's no sign of bitterness in her voice. There's a moment of silence and she just dumbly looks at the nail in front of her. It stays with him, but she has to go...

Suddenly, a strong arm snakes around her waist and it pulls her until her bare back meets a broad, sticky chest. "I thought you might wanted to stay... for a little ride." He breathes warm air against her ear and the arm around her is almost too tight. So, after all, he noticed her efforts or...

He could have been playing with her. It's infuriating, but before she could burst out cursing, he puts a huge, sloppy kiss on her pulse point, which makes her shiver.

"I wanted you to say something dirty..." She pants and a hand slips under her skirt and lifts it up, while he presses his crotch to her butt. He is hard beyond belief, she can feel that even through the many layers of their clothes.

"I know. But I figured, I might as well do something dirty." The hand never stops, it slowly starts to stroke her perfect ass.

"You did. You played dirty." She hisses between her teeth, but she can't make herself step away from him. His hand is too close to her burning core and she knows that only her fingers can put out the fire.

"Oh, I just... wanted to tease you a little." His hand leave her hindquarters and he takes her elbow. Standing behind her, he leads her to the wall then he grabs her hand and makes her lean against it with an open palm. His other hand reaches for her other hand and he places that on the wall as well, before he grab her by the waist and make her bend a little, so her butt sticks out a little more.

"I hate when you tease me." She sounds angry and excited, but more excited than angry and he likes her ambivalent feelings.

"Then why didn't you tell me what you wanted?" His hands slip under her skirt again and his fingers hook into her leggings, pulling it slowly down to her knees along with her undergarments. "Why didn't you say something? Instead of giving me those hmm... not so subtle hints?" Warm fingers touch her bare buttocks while other fingers slip between her thighs, parting them as far as the leggings around her knees let them.

"It's not that easy..." She looks at her palms on the wall and she wants to hate him for tricking her, but he did exactly what she craved for.

"Why?" His lips are back on her neck, making it wet. She hears how he unbuckles his belt and she feels when he pulls off his pants. His hot member touches her folds and it's mind-blowing...

"It's not hard at all," he continues and a stinging pain starts to throb inside her. "I want to_ fuck you_." She twitches when he says that and gives out a sharp cry when he suddenly spears her. It's good. It's really good, even if it's exactly the opposite of tender love making. He pulls out and slams into her again. His hands are keeping her stable by the hips and she looks at her hands again and the tips of her fingers are white as she presses them hard against the wall.

"I don't want you to think, I'm an easy girl." He chuckles and buries himself deep inside her once again. It feels amazing and they both let out a groan. "I don't... ah... want you to think that if you snap your fingers, I'll spread my legs."

"Trust me, nothing is _easy_ with you." She wants to protest, but he is back again with full force. She lowers her tense arms and she presses her face to the cold wall.

"I want to _bite you_..." It almost sounds like a beastly groan and she feels his teeth on her neck. Her fingers find their way to her breast bindings and she yanks it, tears it off and the ravaged fabric ends up at her feet. "Bite my shoulder blade... no one's going to see it there." He pushes inside three more times in the same, raw-rough manner before she feels his tongue licking her protruding shoulder blade. The anticipation is thrilling and then he slams into her again while he buries his teeth into her tender flesh.

She whimpers, but not because of the pain, but because of the pleasure. She, too, wants to bite on something, but there's nothing in reach, just the cold wall under her cheek. His hands run up her sides and they squeeze her breasts and then he starts to rub her hard nipples.

He changes his rhythm then, it's a lot faster but his moves are shorter. He only pulls out an inch and then presses back again. The new technique gives her an unknown sensation and she lets him press her naked upper body to the wall. "Fuck me, please, just fuck me-eh." Her voice sounds unfamiliar, but she doesn't care, because she feels out of this world and it's fucking awesome. He is her drug and now she's absolutely high on him.

He sharply sucks in some air. "Your pussy is so fucking delicious." His warm breath tickles her ear and his words add to her excitement.

"Am I tight enough?" It's not a well-thought-out question, it just leaves her trembling mouth, but she feels him shiver while he is still tightly pressed to her damp back. "Babe... it... feels as if you were trying to... suck everything... out of me."

"Good." She smiles against the wall and when he crushes into her again, she starts to come and it's not like any other time. It's wild yet complete and she pants his name a million times while he fucks her numb.

He, himself, comes hard too. He spills into her for long seconds and he grinds his teeth with pleasure and tears escape his eyes.

He can't believe what has just happened. He tries not to press her

too hard to the wall, but he feels desperately weak behind her.

Finally, he is able to release her and he gently turns her around and through his tears of lust, he finds her lips and presses her mouth on them.

Their tongues are slow, but still hot and the world should end now, because nothing will feel any better anymore.

He clings onto her and she doesn't protest, she needs him as much as he needs her. He hugs her tight and runs his fingers through her disheveled hair.

"You know, there's no need to be shy about sex," he whispers into the golden locks.

His self-assurance draws a smile on her face. "So you want me to punch you in the arm and say: 'Sex me up, Haddock?'"

"Hmm... I could get used to it."

He quiets her complaint with a new kiss and she starts to lose it again...

14. Reward

Hi guys. This, again, came as an anon request on tumblr (haddocksandtails) and take this as my Snoggletog gift to you.

I hope you enjoy both this and the holidays.

Â§Â§Â§

"Astrid, I don't care how angry you look at me with those evilly beautiful eyes of yours, I'm not drinking it." Snotlout shakes his head and protectively crosses his arms in front of him.

"But it's a brand new recipe." She tries again, but the brawny Viking man relentlessly refuses it once more. She turns away from him with the tray of yaknog and offers it to Fishlegs. The chubby guy turns white and drops of sweat pearl on his forehead.

"How about you, Fishlegs? I'm sure you'd like to try the improved version of the best holiday treat ever."

Fishlegs tries to say something, but his legs feel weak and his head is dizzy. With a loud thud he ends up in the floor, unconscious.

"Haha, your deadly weapon strikes again!" Tuffnut chuckles, but when Astrid steps towards him with the tray of liquid poison, he becomes alert. "Oh, sorry, I'm on a special anti-nog diet, the healer ordered me to say no to nog, so it's a nog-go for me."

Ruffnut feels that the noose is getting tighter around her neck. "I heard Hiccup say that he was really looking forward to taste it. He said he wished he could drink it every day."

"What did I say?"

Hiccup has just arrived to the Hall and hearing his name, he steps closer to his friends. He doesn't notice Astrid with the tankards. If he did, he would flee instead of revealing himself.

"You said, you would like to drink yaknog every day, because your girlfriend makes it." Ruffnut emphasizes the word as much as she can and Tuffnut tries to suppress a childish giggle.

Girlfriend or not, Hiccup wants to protest at first, but then he sees Astrid's trembling lips and how the tears are gathering in the corner of her eyes. He steps closer and takes one of the tankards.

"Yes, indeed, I was looking forward to start my day with a few refreshing gulps of your homemade delicacy, milady." He successfully hides his true feelings and the others' eyes grew two times bigger when they see him chug down the whole thing. His hand is shaking but he manages to place the empty tankard safely back on the tray. "And now, if you'll excuse me..." He doesn't finish the sentence, he can't. The devilish brew burns his throat and makes his stomach grumble and he almost trips over the lifeless Fishlegs on his way out.

He really regrets his chivalrous act when he throws-up for the fourth time that day.

Â§Â§Â§

The Moon comes up and the whole Meade Hall is full of celebrating Vikings and dragons, but one young man is nowhere to be found. Astrid is volunteering to look for him while the chief gives his festive speech. She heads for their house and she hopes to find him there.

He is at home, indeed, he has just finished the second bath of the day and he is sitting on a bench in the bathroom, trying to gather his strength to dress up in his festive clothes. He doesn't notice when Astrid comes in and he only hears her calling his name when she enters the bathroom with quick steps. He is butt naked and he grabs the only piece of his clothing that's near him, his helmet. He makes a desperately futile attempt and puts it on, as if he would look less naked with something on his head.

Astrid's immediate reaction is to laugh at him, because he is so cute when he is embarrassed. And for the love of Freya, he really shouldn't be so self-conscious about his body, he looks great in everything and without anything on. But then she notices his greenish complexion...

"Are you alright?" She asks while stepping a few hesitant steps closer. Hiccup decides to forget about his current state of undress and stands up. He looks funny with only his helmet on, but Astrid doesn't dare to giggle again until she learns what has happened to him.

"Yeah, better. I just.. had to take a second bath, because... yeah, I've been vomiting all day."

Astrid passionately throws herself in his arms. "Oh, Gods, was that

because of my stupid yaknog?"

"Careful..." She is a little too fast for his still unstable legs, but he manages to hug her back. "I think I'm okay now."

"I'll never make you drink that awful thing again. Argh, I'm so angry right now."

Hiccup smiles into her hair and starts to enjoy her nearness.

"It's alright. Let's forget about it." He gently places a kiss on her neck and buries his nose in her freshly washed hair. She smells of lavender and he really likes it. "Yeah, I'm good now..." He whispers while he tightens his grip around her.

"Hiccup?"

"Hmm?"

"Erm... do I feel a boner rising?"

He giggles into her hair. "I dunno..."

"Eh, so you really are better."

"I guess..." He leans down to her neck and kisses it. Astrid can feel the goosebumps forming on her neck. She thinks for a second before gently pushing him away.

"Okay... well, since I made you drink my thick, gooey liquid today, it's only fair if I..."

He doesn't have time to protest, in a blink of an eye, she drops on her knees and her lips close around his hardness in no time.

"Astrid, there's no need to... oh, Gods, please, don't stop." She swallows almost the whole of him and he has to admit, she is really talented. She pulls back and her fingers lace around his shaft and she starts to pump him while her tongue diligently licks his sensitive tip. He moans her name and tangles his fingers in her hair. Her fingers crawl forward until she reaches his balls and she starts to massage them while she puts him in her mouth again.

His helmet falls on the floor, but neither of them cares about it.

He looks down and sees how his cock disappears in her mouth and she looks up to meet his gaze and it's so fucking sexy that he almost comes.

"Babe, this is ahm-amazing..." He groans and her fingers are back around him and she pumps him and lets him buck into her mouth in his own rhythm. Through blurry eyes, he watches her hard work. Then all of a sudden, his senses strengthen and he is super aware of her warmth around him and he hears her moan. His vision is clear now and he notices how her saliva glistens on his cock and this is enough for him to let go of everything he is holding onto...

He comes loud and hard and she swallows for him, as he did for her,

and a bit later he swears that he would drink 5 pints of yaknog every day, if the same conditions apply.

15. Cold

****There's only one thing I could do...****

They are sitting on their bed, naked, looking at the small package between them.

"Erm... Shall I...?" Hiccup seems hesitant, even though the whole thing was originally his idea.

Astrid answers with a determined nod and his fingers tremble as he begins untying the string around the canvas bag. He manages to open it then slowly pulls the thing out. It feels cold.

Astrid sucks in some air and almost forgets to breathe out...

"May I...?"

Hiccup hands it to her, but he starts to have second thoughts... It's so massive... "You know, we don't have to..."

But Astrid quiets him. "Sss, I like it..." She examines it carefully, turning it around, lifting it closer to her eyes. Hiccup is still unsure about it, but her naked wife and the thing in her head is kind of arousing.

"Hah, I'm going to name it 'Eret'!" She exclaims cheekily and a frown appears on his face. _Eret? Eret? Why Eret?_

She notices his discomfort and starts to laugh. "Easy, silly boy. It's not like I have crush on him, but see... it has stripes on it." She points at the faint blue lines. Hiccup doesn't seem happy... _Why do they even decorate these things?_

"Aastrid, I don't think I like this idea at all..."

She shrugs and giggles again. "You will, when you put _Eret_..."

He cuts her off. "Please, don't say that out loud."

"Mmmkay." His face is all red and she finds it absolutely adorable. Her silly, sensitive husband... "So, shall we start? You and me and our new friend, _Eret?_"

"Astrid... it won't help me get into the right mood." He sounds grumpy, but she knows how to cure it. She puts the thing on the bed and starts to wrestle him down. He has no objection, so he doesn't protest when his very naked wife climbs on top of him and things quickly get heated after they start to kiss and touch and suck and rub...

"Hiccup?... I think, I'm ready for..."

"_Eret?_"

She kind of likes when he calls the thing 'Eret'. It sounds a little

naughty, but utterly exciting. "Mhm...I'm ready for it."

She lies on her back and he touches her sex. She feels warm and welcoming. He lifts the 'Eret' and again, shares his concerns.

"Erm... Isn't it a bit too big?"

"Come on... I'm used to _big things_..." He takes it as a compliment and it makes him blush again.

"Aaand it's cold..."

"I'm sure it will warm up.."

He looks at her for one more moment before lying back next to her with the thing in his hand. He gently starts to kiss her. He nibbles on her lips and then takes several deep breaths. He slowly lifts his hand and places the thing between her legs. When he presses it to her slick folds, she shivers; it's cold indeed.

"You okay?"

She nods. "Mhm. _Eret_ is... cold, but..."

"You want it? Inside you?"

She nods again. He sits half way up and leans closer to her warmth. He starts to massage her with the dildo in his hand and he groans when he sees how her juices glisten on its smooth surface. He still has his doubts, but his kinkier self really wants to see it inside his wife...

He looks back at her and she seems to enjoy the foreign object between her legs. Her hand lands on his wrist and she gently tries to make him move it closer to her burning flesh while she spreads her legs a little more.

She definitely wants it, so he turns the thing and places it at her entrance. She impatiently bucks her hips forward and the tip of 'Eret' disappears inside her.

Hiccup strengthens his hold around it and when the hand around his wrist starts to pull it closer, he slowly pushes it further in.

Astrid lets out a deep, sensual moan. It feels amazing. It's still cold, but it stretches her walls nicely. It fills her. The 'Eret' touches things inside her that no one has ever touched before. He pulls it out and buries it in her again. She releases his wrist, because he has found the right rhythm and she moans once again when he slips it all the way in. She licks her lips and twists her body.

"You like this Eret..." He whispers and... _Oh, well, he likes it too._ Minus the name. The name is still uncomfortable, but the way the dark grey thing slips in and out of Astrid is terribly wonderful. His shaft is so hard that it's almost painful, but he wants her to finish first. Plus, amazing things happen in front of his eyes, he would hate to miss even a second of it just because of a throbbing

cock...

She is twisting and turning and fisting the furs around her as he starts to fuck her harder with the sexual aid. It's definitely warmer and slicker now... Then he has a brilliant idea: he ducks down his head and starts to lick her clit. She arches her back and all her muscle tense... It's not easy to do the two thing simultaneously, but the little screams that leave her lips are encouraging.

"Hiccup... this is... ah... oh..." He starts to suck on the sensitive little pearl between her legs and she grabs the bedpost and her screams get louder and longer.

He starts to rub himself to the furs between his legs and surprisingly, he still manages to keep the rhythm of all three things. A few moments later she starts to feel the familiar contractions, the first signs of her orgasm, and she arches her body even more.

"Hi-i-cup..." She moans his name for the last time before she bursts out and he finds it unbelievable, because it's wetter and wilder than ever before. He strokes him with his tongue a few more times and his rubbing pays off, because he is ejaculating too. It's quieter and slower and more discreet than hers, but still feels amazing.

Then he notices that she became sensitive to the touch and he quickly removes 'Eret' from her...

He kicks off the fur he messed from the bed and slowly crawls back to her and hugs her tight; their damp bodies stick together.

"Mmm... that was hot, babe." He says before kissing her.

Astrid's fingers brush his half-hardness when she lifts a hand to hug him back. It makes her smile. "Yeah, I can feel that..."

"Let's just say, I had my pleasures too..." She quirks an eyebrow, but instead of explaining it to her, he just gently kisses her nose.

"So... what's the verdict?" He inquires and although he knows that neither of them is ready for round two, he cannot resist the temptation and climbs between her legs. He ducks his head down to suck on her pulse point while his half-mast gently pokes her down there.

"Mmm... 'Eret' is definitely a keeper, but..."

"But?"

"I have to admit, it is nothing like the _real thing_."

Hiccup flashes a gap-toothed smile. "Oh, the _real thing_... so, how about the real thing?"

She smiles back at him with a wink. "How about that?"

"Are you close?" His warm whisper burns her sweaty neck and she doesn't know the answer. One minute she feels that she is only a couple of delicious frictions away from fulfillment, but a second later, the end seems to be so far away.

"Ugh... I don't know..." She admits honestly. He changes the angle a bit and this seems to be helping, she moans, which he normally enjoys, but now it's far louder than it should be.

"Babe... there's only a door separating us from the others..." He shouldn't be enjoying the risky situation this much, but he does. Somehow, forbidden sins feel sweeter.

"Mhm..."

"So, if you want us to finish it, you need to be more quiet." She doesn't understand how he could be so weirdly collected when he is behind her, moving in and out, concentrating on their mutual satisfaction. Suddenly it hits her, that probably it wasn't the best idea to sit on his lap when they went into his office to discuss the new pen cleaning schedule... But he flashed that irresistible cocky smile and in no minute she was straddling him, leaning close to his ear whispering "Screw the schedule, screw me."

And then he made her stand up, span her around and her skirt hit the floor and two strong hands grabbed her hips. _The schedule can wait, desires can't._

"Fingers... I need your fingers..." She whispers and when he touches her between her slick folds, she knows it's going to work. Soon. Very soon.

"Mmm... This is... mmm... good."

"Okay, just... please don't scream or... that door isn't very thick..."

With every stroke of his fingers and every thrust of his cock, she can feel how the orgasm builds in her. She gets wetter, she can feel how her juices are dripping down her inner thighs and Hiccup must feel it too, because his arm around her waist draw her closer.

"Mmm, you're wonderful, my Astrid..." He whispers to her neck again and she really enjoys when he says those ridiculous little compliments right before he comes. He is behind her, but she knows he is smiling. He is always smiling when he is about to finish.

"So...ah.. you're close..." She pants under him and her grab around the edge of the table tightens. It's the last act, the final scene, when he speeds up to the maximum before joyously winning the race for both of them.

"Mhm, but shhh..."

And then the contractions start and she starts to tremble. She buries her teeth in her lower lip, because the others are really just a few meters away. Her walls start to tighten and when she clenches around him, he loses it.

His member starts to throb inside her and he, too, bites his lip when he starts to come. She tastes the blood on her lip, but it's oddly exciting and she quickly brushes his fingers away from her now over-sensitive clit and collapses on the top of the table while he starts to fill her up with his warm seeds.

Half-way through, he lies on her gently, thrusting inside her a couple more times until he's empty as a broken nutshell.

"Mmm, babe, you really know how to melt a girl's heart." She smiles against the table while she tries to regain her strength.

"Hah, heart? You keep it between your legs?" He nibbles on the soft skin of her nape before he pulls out carefully, not wanting to mess her clothes.

"You just make me feel loved." She doesn't know why she is telling it to him, it's not really a graceful situation, but orgasms make her sensitive - _and not just physically._

"That's because I love you." It's not the first time she tells it to her, not even the tenth or the thirtieth, but it's always true and it's always believable.

"Love you back." She wants to enjoy just for one more second all the nice feelings that flow in her, but reality sets in quickly.

"Astrid, we need to go back, it's been huh... it's been a long time." He stands up and starts to pull up his pants. She bends down for her skirt and puts it back on. She runs her fingers through his hair and he strokes a loose strand behind her ear. As a final touch, he tilts his head to kiss away a single drop of blood from her lip. They are ready and presentable.

He opens the door and she follows him.

"Finally..." Ruffnut rolls her eyes when she sees them.

"What took you so long? Were you fighting? We heard noises." Snotlout sounds both worried and hopeful, because somewhere deep down in his heart he still wishes them to break up. Ruffnut rolls her eyes again, he cannot be that naive...

"Yeah...we were... erm, yeah... fighting." Hiccup is blushing and Astrid averts Ruffnut's gaze. "We were fighting fiercely."

"And?" Tuffnut is more worried about the cleaning than the misbehaving friends. Good for them, if they bang each other, but he doesn't want to clean up week-old dragon dung.

"And?" Astrid quirks an eyebrow, she has already forgotten the purpose of their absence, but Fishlegs is ready to help her out. "The cleaning schedule, you know? The thing you were fighting about?"

"Oh, yeah, that." Hiccup scratches his neck and they all know it means that he is desperately trying to figure something out. "So... yeah, you can go home now, we'll do the cleaning."

"Yep. I'll go get the sweep and the mop," Astrid feels embarrassed and she wants to get out of sight as fast as possible.

"Aaand, I'll get the bucket. Have a great afternoon, guys." Hiccup hastily says goodbye and rushes after Astrid.

Ruffnut looks after them and shakes her head with an evil grin on her face. "Ah, fuck-guilt, I love it!"

Snotlout and Fishlegs seem confused.

"You know, when they feel guilty, because they fuck each other instead of working." Tuffnut states the obvious while he is trying to pick some dirt from under his thumb nail.

"But how do you...?" Snotlout starts to ask, but Ruffnut isn't patient enough to let him finish the question.

"Her lips are swollen and he has a huge hickey on his neck."

"O-okay, but it doesn't mean that..." Snotlout tries again and this time Tuffnut is the one who doesn't let him finish it. He places a hand on Snot's shoulder and looks into his eyes with a serious expression.

"Bro, her skirt is inside out, even I can see that."

17. Innocent

It's the first warm morning of the year, so she decides on having a nice little early morning bath in the Cove. She is not worried about being disturbed there; it's a Sunday and Vikings like to have a good sleep once a week, plus no one really goes to the Cove anyways.

Stormfly is with her, but she found the water far too cold for her taste, so she is chasing butterflies instead, a few yards away. Astrid is knee deep in the shallow water, wearing nothing but a shorter pair of leggings. She bends down to wet her hands and she starts to wash herself, starting with her face.

The water is cold, but refreshing and she plans on swimming a little, once her skin got used to the cool temperature. But suddenly, she hears a faint groan behind her and the rattling of leaves.

She gets infuriated. She knows the source of the noises all too well... And she has already threatened Snotlout that she would break his bones if she finds her peeping in the bushes again.

The noises start to become stronger so she leans down and picks up a huge, flat stone from the shallow water. She covers her bare breasts with her free hand and quickly turns around and throws the stone at the rude intruder.

The first thing she notices that thanks to her excellent aim, she hits the uninvited visitor right on his nose...

The second thing she notices, that it isn't Snotlout...

But the damage is done and Hiccup collapses into the tall grass. Astrid doesn't care about her half-nakedness, she rushes to him. He is unconsciously lying on the ground with a bleeding nose and a very worried looking Toothless right next to him.

She presses his ear to his heart and when she finds it okay, she rushes back, hastily pulls on her tunic and grabs her breast bindings from the ground and dips them in the water. She hurries back with the wet straps of clothing and starts to wash his face. He slowly wakes up and when he sees her, he seems genuinely frightened.

"Oh, Astrid, I-I am so sorry... I didn't mean to... but Toothless saw Stormfly and he dragged me here..."

"It's okay, I... I just thought you were Snotlout and... I'm sorry."

She tries to be gentle with him, but he hisses in pain.

He stops her hand and lifts his fingers to touch whatever is left of his nose. A sharp pain runs through his head and he lets out a deep groan. "Oh, boy... this is going to look ugly," he mumbles to himself.

As for Astrid, she is mortified. She feels embarrassed beyond belief. She never meant to hurt him and now he is in pain and his dragon gives her the evil eye.

"I'm really sorry," she says again and whistles to Stormfly. She cannot face the consequences any longer, so she decides on cowardly leaving the scene. "I'm really sorry, but I got to go now."

A moment later she disappears in the sky.

Â§Â§Â§

"Son, ye 'ave a visitor!"

His father's harsh voice wakes him up from his daydreaming and a moment later, Astrid slowly opens his bedroom door. He looks at her and for a moment, they both get lost in each other's eyes.

"Oh... I guess you came for these." He breaks their silent gazes and lifts up her neatly folded bindings. "I think, I managed to get the stains out..."

His hand trembles a little, but he doesn't want her to notice it. That silly piece of clothing gave him all sorts of weird ideas and disturbing thoughts while he pressed it to his nose to stop the bleeding and later on, when he washed it in a bowl of hot water.

"Yeah, thanks..." She walks closer to him with unsure steps and when he hands the bundle to her, their knuckles brush. She tucks it under her belt and he is about to say good night to her, but she opens her mouth and clearly wants to say something. He waits for her, but words don't come easy.

"I-I am truly sorry..."

"I-it's okay, Astrid... my nose is far too big, anyways." He tries to joke to lighten the mood, but the serious expression stays on her face.

"Not... not just about that... I'm sorry for leaving you." Her words radiate remorse, but he doesn't want her to feel bad about it.

"It's really okay... I'm fine." He places his hands on her shoulders to stress his point.

Cold fingers reach up for his wrists. "Still, you deserve some compensation..."

He shakes his head and wants to talk her out of this unnecessary guilt trip, but she grabs his hands and pulls them down with a swift move. She hesitates for a blink of an eye, then she tucks them under her tunic, placing them on her bare chest.

Hiccup's brain doesn't process the information at first, but then he feels two warm little mounds under her damp palms. He looks slightly abashed at first, but Astrid stands his gaze and she nods a little, giving him permission to touch. To feel. To know her.

He sheepishly moves his hands. Her breasts feel so soft and sweet. He has imagined that moment, that feeling, a million times before, but when it happens for real, it's certainly another million times better. He becomes a bit braver and he feels two protruding little knots under his fingers. The idea of rubbing his palms against her nipples gives him the shivers and she parts her lips to breathe in some air through her mouth.

It's the sexiest thing he has ever seen in his life and he wants that moment to last for ever. He wants to look into her sparkling blue eyes and see her parted lips and feel her soft body under his touch.

"Son, you okay?" His father's voice from the door is the rudest wake up call ever and he clumsily pulls back his hands as fast as he can. When Stoick appears in the door, they're both purple as a ripe beetroot and the nature of their silence isn't really a mystery for the giant man.

"Yeah... we're alright." He manages to say finally, not daring to look into his father's eyes.

"Ye were awfully quiet..."

"Yeah, you know... secret dragon training things and all."

"Hmm, I thought dragon training is not really a _secret_ anymore." Stoick wants to tell them off first, because his son is the worst liar ever, but... they're not kids anymore. It's not easy for any parent to accept it, but they have the right to a private life and he needs to trust them.

"I-I got to go now," says Astrid nervously and when Stoick quirks an eyebrow, she quickly looks away.

"Good night, Miss Hofferson."

"Good night, chief. You too, Hiccup."

The young Viking wants to say something to her, something really nice, but it's not exactly easy when his father is present. "Thanks, A-Astrid." He doesn't like his poor choice of words, but he hopes she understands what he really means.

"You're welcome," she answers simply and her cheeks become rosy again.

"Erm... could you teach me how to throw rocks?" He doesn't want to let her go this easy, he needs to secure some private time again, soon.

"Yes. Tomorrow, same time, same place?"

He nods and she waves goodbye to them before leaving the two men alone.

The uncomfortable silence grows between them fast, but Hiccup doesn't want to say anything. He is a bit shaken, still, and all he wants is to wonder about is the amazing thing his father cruelly put an end to. Stoick looks at his son and doesn't know what to think. Sure, he is more of a man than a boy now, but he still sees the old, awkward self in Hiccup, so he might as well be innocent, after all...

"Son? If I didn't see yer swollen, bloody nose, I'd think you are up to something else..."

When his son's face turns crimson again, he is sure that the young couple will do many things the next day, but 'throwing rocks' won't be among them.

18. Surprise

****Drabble request again. "Hiccup tricking baby Finn to walk."****

****(If you are unfamiliar with baby Finn and his own little Night Fury, One Breath, I suggest you to read the last chapter of Rendezvous on Itchy Armpit.)****

****And now it's fluff time:****

"I swear to Thor, we're raising a feral child," Astrid's voice is a well-balanced mixture of irritation and worries. She is preparing dinner at the kitchen table while she keeps an eye on the little ones. One Breath is desperately trying to doze off near the warm tongues of the hearth's fire while Finn is crawling around him, unsuccessfully attempting to mount the sleepy dragon, just like his daddy does with Toothless. Except Toothless doesn't push away daddy with his tail while he tries to straddle him.

"Where did that come from?" Her husband's warm lips on her neck give her goose bumps, but it's not a good kind of excitement, at least, not now. She bucks her hips backwards to get rid of him.

"He is way past his first birthday," she complains while chopping up

parsnips and carrots, "and he is just crawling around, he doesn't stand up, he hasn't made his first steps."

"O-okay!" Hiccup steps away from her because she is displeased and she holds a knife.

She slams her free hand down and the tableware rattles. "No, it's not okay! When I was at his age, my father gave me my first axe. For granted, I couldn't lift it, but I could stand up to caress the blade."

Hiccup giggles because the thought of a tiny, axe-worshipping Astrid is adorable.

"Stop laughing!" She holds out the kitchen knife to threaten her cheeky husband, but he reaches out and gently takes away the knife and puts it on the table. "Astrid, give him some time. He will walk."

He snakes a strong arm around her slim waist and brings her closer to comfort his crazy wife with a kiss. Meanwhile, the baby gives up the fight with the reluctant dragon and falls asleep, leaning to One Breath's warm scales.

§§§

Finn's favorite toy is a leather ball that has iron pellets and little pebbles inside. His dad made it for his first birthday and it rattles when he shakes it and since it's loose, it provides a good grip for the tiny hands.

But it's far away now. His daddy is sitting at the table, but he is so wrapped up in his work that he doesn't notice his tiny son on the floor desperately trying to reach his ball that lies on the tabletop, next to the papers Hiccup is working on.

But little Finn got the best of both worlds, he is smart as his daddy and stubborn as his mommy. There's a stool next to him and he uses it to stand halfway up and a moment later two chubby hands grab the edge of the table. Hiccup only notices him when his warm palm lands on his thigh trying to keep his balance while he gets his ball.

"Oh, my goodness!" Finn, you're standing!" The little son shakes the ball and giggles. Daddy Hiccup tries to stroke his head for being such a clever boy, but Finn misunderstands the move; he thinks that daddy wants to take his ball. With the beloved toy in his hand, he manages to escape with a few wobbly steps before falling on his bum.

"You're walking!" Hiccup is truly amazed by his progress and his first instinct is to run for Astrid, but then he has a better idea! She has a birthday coming up and he has just figured out the perfect gift for her!

Father and son spend the next two weeks with lots of practice and even more laughter.

§§§

Astrid never cared much about her birthday until Hiccup gave the date

meaning with his stupid little gifts and special attention. It's not that he gave her valuable and exquisite things, he was just thoughtful and sweet and she loved him for that. She loved her birthdays because of him.

The next memorable day has just started and he has already brought her warm yak milk in bed and peppered her with ticklish kisses.

Finn enjoys the hype and he is sitting on their bed scrunching his nose, drumming on the furs with his fists, laughing at his silly parents.

"You're spoiling me," protests Astrid giggling after the umpteenth kiss on her collarbone.

"You think, but wait until you see what Finn has for you."

She quirks a brow when her husband stands up and carefully lifts the baby and puts him on the floor in the middle of the room.

"I taught him a little trick."

"Hey! He is not your dragon."

"You're going to love this." He feels excited and he really hopes Finn will co-operate, because he knows it all too well that these little guys are unpredictableâ€|

"I'm warning you, if I have to dig out raw fish from his mouth again, I won't be happy."

He doesn't answer her just sits on the edge of the bed and looks at his son with all seriousness in his eyes.

"Are you ready, Finn?" He knows that it's impossible, but he could swear he saw the baby nod. Hiccup reaches under his pillow and takes something out.

A huge smirk draws on the little one's face when he sees his favorite thing and when daddy shakes it to make it rattle, Finn quickly stands up and and rushes for the treasure. He starts to laugh proudly but when he notices the shocked face mommy makes after seeing his production, he pouts and sniffs and almost ends up crying. But Astrid grabs him quickly and hugs him tight.

"Finn, you're the bestâ€| you'reâ€| this is amazing." She is clearly and deeply touched and Hiccup swipes away a hot tear from her cheek.

Finn feels comforted now and he frees himself from mommy's arms and slips down to the floor to play with the well-deserved ball.

"So?" The well-known lopsided cocky smile appears on Hiccup's face.

Astrid looks at him and presses her lips together before giving him a punch on the arm. "That's for ganging up on me."

Hiccup presses her down to the bed with a kiss. "And that's for teaching our son to walk, I assume," he says with a broad

grin.

Astrid's gaze shifts back to the quietly playing apple of her eyes.

"Look at him. He can walk. He's all grown up now." They both watch him for a while and their hearts are filled with love to the brim.

"Yep. Our job is done," agrees Hiccup and they share a cordial laugh. But then he starts to stare at her with deep forest green eyes and it's almost uncomfortable.

"What?" She inquires with a hint of concern.

"Howâ€¦ how about we make him a sibling?"

Her answer is swallowed by his kiss.

19. Cramps

****Someone requested cramps, so cramps it is!****

Â§Â§Â§

She can't believe it has happened again, but there she is, facing Snotlout, the ignorant bastard, with evil eyes and a broken wrist. At least now he is crawling on his knees, begging for her forgiveness, because he knows their crash is all his fault.

She presses her lips together to prevent giving him a piece of her mind, but she kicks dirt into his ugly face before she mounts Stormfly and leaves for the healer.

A little later she becomes much more furious. She is at home, sitting on her bed and her right arm is completely useless. Two wooden planks are holding it stable with tightly tied linen straps around them. She is mad, because she was really looking forward the big dragon race that coincides with her 18th birthday. She wanted to be celebrated both as a winner and as a birthday girl, but thanks to Snot, no one will care about her and the race will take away all her shine.

But then Hiccup happens and he wins the race - theoretically, but technically, he doesn't. Technically it's Astrid's win, because he drops the sheep into her basket and it's annoying and perfect at the same time. She enjoys her birthday, the people, the mead and the party and it even gets better when Hiccup sneaks her out from the Hall for a secret night ride.

He kisses her many times, above the dark clouds and in the light of the Moon, until Toothless is fed up with the light petting going on his very own back and takes them back to Berk much against their will.

Luckily, the broken wrist is old news now and finally she can go to her favorite spot in the woods with her beloved axe. She spends all morning and early afternoon with swinging and throwing and chopping when she suddenly realizes how hungry she is.

She goes to the Meade Hall and it's great timing, because Hiccup is there and somehow food starts to taste better when she has company. When she is in his company.

She plans on going back to the forest to practice some more, but when she wants to stand up from her chair, she can't. It hurts. Every inch of her body is in pain. She has the worst muscle cramps ever and when Hiccup sees her contorted face, he becomes concerned.

"A-Astrid, you alright?"

She falls back on the chair and she doesn't look happy. "Ah... I guess, I overexerted my muscles," she hisses and grinds her teeth before helplessly pressing her forehead onto the tabletop. "I was such a fool."

Her bangs fall into her face and Hiccup leans closer and swipes them away to be able to look into her eyes. "Maybe I can help you with that."

"How?" Her groan is painful, almost pathetic, and he really wants to make it easier for her.

"Well, my dad has cramps in his calves all the time. And believe me, I'm pretty good at soothing muscle pain."

Astrid has her doubts, but she lets him take her hand and they stand up and together and somehow manage to limp back to the Haddock house. He offers to carry her upstairs, but she refuses his helping hands and stumbles up the stairs, cursing and grinding between her teeth all the way up.

But finally she is in his room and she collapse on his bed.

"Ah... now what, genius?" She sounds irritated, but he knows it's just the pain talking from her.

"Where does it hurt?"

"Oh, for the love of Thor, EVERYWHERE!"

"Okay then where does it hurt the most?"

She has to think for a second. "My back... yeah, my back."

"Mhm... Turn to your stomach, please."

"Easier said than done..." She groans when she changes positions and she hisses when Hiccup places his hands on the small of her back.

"Oh, sorry, sorry, it's that bad?"

She answers with a loud grunt.

"Erm... Listen, I need to lift your tunic to get to your muscles, otherwise it's not very effective."

She reaches down and grabs the hem of her clothes and with tight-pressed lips she manages to pull the whole thing off. She

doesn't care about him seeing her bare back, her pain takes away all her prudery.

He takes a moment to marvel at the perfect white flesh lying in front of him, but when she makes an annoyed, impatient sound, he puts his fingers on her freckled shoulders.

And he starts working on her. Strong tips dig into her muscles and everything is still aching, but the way he moves his fingers is amazing. He is down at her shoulder blades now and he buries his fingers deeper into her and suddenly, her groans turn into moans.

"Is this okay?" He asks timidly, because he is a bit unsure about her reactions; the noises she makes could either mean pain or... pleasure.

"Mmm... you... are really... good, indeed," she mumbles between short pants and she cannot see his proud, gap-toothed smile. Her compliment makes him braver, more confident and she feels she should protest, but his warm palms are on her back now, eliminating the pain.

She is completely relaxed now and she doesn't mind when his fingers slip under her bindings. She becomes louder and more generous with her moans.

"Oh, Gods, Hi-iccup, this is so GREAT!"

She makes him smile again and he is so glad that he can make her feel better... Until a deep voice calls for him from downstairs.

"Hiccup?" Stoick is flabbergasted, to say the least. He knows that his son has feelings for the Hofferson girl, but he wouldn't have guessed that erm... they had khm... such strong feelings for each other... In his house. In broad daylight... His son disheveled head appears at the top of the stairs, but he looks decent.

"Hi, dad...?"

"Oh. Hello, son. Hello. I just came back for my... never mind, it's eh... I'll use Gobber's... yeah."

Hiccup walks down the stairs and he quirks an eyebrow. He doesn't understand his dad's odd behavior.

"Dad... is everything alright?"

"Yeah. Sure. Great..."

There's an awkward silence between them and Stoick wonders how his son can be this calm when he is basically caught red-handed. "Erm... do-do you have a visitor? I heard noises..." Huh. Maybe he shouldn't ask him about it... they are not exactly kids anymore and he shouldn't blame him for things he would do too, if he was in Hiccup's boots. Boot.

"Yeah, Astrid is in my room. She has cramps. She had too much exercise today and I'm giving her a massage."

"Oh..."

"Hi, chief!" Astrid's voice sounds cheerful and Stoick starts to feel bad for wrongfully accusing them. "Sorry for not being able to greet you properly, but I can't really move now."

"It's okay, Astrid!" He shouts back and his strong voice make the walls tremble. "You turned to the right person, Hiccup is really good at it!"

"Dad... can I go back to her? Her back really hurts."

"Yeah. Sure son. It's... Yeah, sure."

Hiccup turns back, but the chief stops him. "Oh, wait!" He goes to the large cupboard and gets a glass out of it. "Here. Use this. It's mint oil, really good for the burning muscles."

He takes the small flask and when his father closes the door behind himself, he rushes back to Astrid.

"My father gave me this."

She lifts her head and it's surprisingly easier than it was before. "And what's that?"

"Oh, mint oil. It smells great and it's a wonderful remedy for muscle pain. Shall we try it?"

"Mhm. My thighs are... ah, terrible."

"Great... I mean, I'm sorry about that." He looks at her and thinks for a second. She cannot see the rosy color of his cheeks, but the telltale sign of his excitement quickly fades away. "Then you should lie on your back, I guess."

She turns and her back pain is actually gone. She is truly amazed by his hidden talents.

"Astrid... erm... if we want to use the oil, you should probably take off your leggings. It's erm... messy and sticky."

He doesn't want to sound too intrigued or attracted, but the thought of her bare legs makes his heart beat ten times faster. There's still a chance that she will be outraged by his words and punches his face instead, but... she pulls off her leggings with a new groan, never hesitating, not for a second.

He really wants to check out her legs, but he knows he cannot do that, so he tries to focus on the task at hand. He kneels next to her on the bed and pours some oil on his trembling palms. He starts at her right knee, he rubs and presses and the oil's strong, fresh smell burns into their nostrils.

She seems to enjoy it. She tries to swallow back her moans, because it's starting to get weird, but everything feels so damn good. He doesn't go all the way up, he changes to her other leg and even though her left thigh is aching too, she wants him to continue with the right, to massage her sensitive muscles a bit higher... Unintentionally she spreads her legs a

bit...

"Hiccup...?"

"Hmm?"

"There's that long muscle erm... at my inner thigh... that's what really hurts."

She points at it and it's not even a lie, it really does hurt, but... There's also an unknown warmth growing in her, just above her thighs. She knows she shouldn't want his soft, oily hands there, because it's forbidden territory, but...

"Is it better?"

His voice disturbs her sudden and honest wants and needs and it should be a wake up call, but unfortunately, it isn't.

"Umm... a little bit higher...?"

Hiccup's eyes are fixed on her thighs. The oil makes her skin slick and he marvels at her glistening, pale flesh. His fingers are dangerously close to her most private parts, which are only covered by a thin layer of he-doesn't-even-know-what. Girl underpants. And she says 'higher'...

His little finger brushes the fabric and judging from the sounds she makes, she has no problem with it, on the contrary. He doesn't dare to look into her eyes plus he can't tear away his from her underwear. He feels that his back is starting to sweat and he gulps hard.

His devilish, demonic side wants to try something even if it will cost his life... He slips the tip of his little finger under the hem of her underwear and he waits for the usual punch, but... _it doesn't happen_.

That's weird... He continues to dig into her with his right hand, but he uses the left to... hmm... explore.

She still doesn't protest against his invasion, but makes some disappointed noise when he lets go of her to put some more oil on his hand. His fingers slip on her skin while they spread the oil on her thigh and his smallest finger is brave enough to crawl half-way under her underwear.

Silky hair is tickling the tip of his finger and he is afraid that she stops him any minute now, but she remains mute. He can hear her breathe and he can hear how the rhythm of her breathing changes when his ring finger joins the little.

He knows what to look for, he has found his father's not-so-well-hidden adult literature a long time ago... He has seen pictures and read detailed descriptions, which first seemed horrendous, but later became totally acceptable, even desired. He looks up at his fingers and he almost faints when he sees them, inside her underwear, moving slowly, searching for something he has only dreamt about...

She emits heat, her secret parts are burning his fingers and he feels

her wetness, which has a similar texture to the oil except for its warmth. She never punches him, but moans his name when he starts to rub at a part that's surely has no muscle pain in it...

He sheepishly lifts his gaze to steal a glimpse of her, but his eyes linger on her face when he notices her tightly shut eyes. The tip of her tongue escapes her lips at the corner of her mouth. She doesn't know what's happening to her, she somehow slides into another dimension and she levitates between this life and another.

Every element of her body is restless with anticipation. She knows that something is about to happen, she just doesn't know what and it's frightening. It's frightening that she lets him touch her intimately and it's also frightening that she enjoys it this much.

She weakly looks at him through half-lid eyes and his face seems red and sweaty and his gaze is fixed between her legs. His acts are remarkably audacious, but suddenly a jolt of pleasure takes over her body and forces her to arch her back and makes her let out a low and unfamiliar sound resembling a growl of a wild beast. It's so not herâ€|

He feels and sees her reaction and his gentle strokes become rougher and she's almost there, even though she doesn't exactly know where that 'there' should be.

Hiccup is amazed by everything she does. He likes her sounds and her moves and how her undergarment becomes soaking wet under his fingers. He, himself, is a stranger lost in this carnal realm too. It's not that he hasn't given a good thought to these things, in fact, sometimes it's all he can think about, but touching her isn't a chaste daydream anymore, it's reality.

He presses his fingertips harder to the little lump beneath his touch and Astrid twists her body. He desperately wants to know whether he is doing it alright, but he is too afraid to ask. He doesn't want her to realize what exactly they are doing now, because it's breathtaking, perplexing, shattering. And also a taboo.

Then something changes. Her sex starts to radiate even more heat and her juices completely cover his fingers. For her, it feels as if she was an untamed river finally breaking through the dam with full force. Nothing can stop her now.

What she feels now is the world's best feeling, but sadly, it only lasts for a couple of timeless moments. She cries out and curses when the flood shatters the barrier and her tide flaws with the waves. It's amazing, it's wondrous, it's incredibleâ€| and then, without warning, it's suddenly unbearable.

She pushes his hand away with a sharp thrust and they lock gazes while both of them are heavily panting.

It's a moment of fulfillment, a moment of closure, but it's also the time of regret.

"Iâ€|" starts Hiccup, but she holds out a finger to quiet him.

"Don't say a word!" She hisses between her teeth and she fights the bitter bile taste rising in the back of her throat. She jumps out of the bed, the scene of unneeded sins, and hastily throws her clothes on.

She rushes out of his room, leaving a distressed young man behind, but at least she is not limping or stumbling anymore.

§§§

Hiccup is not much of a talker anyways, but he is unusually quiet during dinner. He just looks at the half-eaten chicken thigh on his plate and he is clearly suffering. Stoick wants to break the silence that burdens their dinner table and engage in a mood-lightening conversation, but his choice of subject is the dagger that deepens the wound.

"So, how was it with Astrid?" His son doesn't look up, but an unnoticed vein pops out on his neck.

"Great," he groans through gritted teeth.

"Ye know, I've been standing in the Hall all day and my calves are sore and ye couldâ€¦" He only notices that his son is gone when the door closes behind him with a loud thunk.

§§§

He flies for hours to ease the pain in his heart. It's not really helping and he sits down on a remote cliff to look away into the infinite distance while his dragon has a rest under a nearby tree. He hears when someone lands behind him, but he cannot force himself to turn his head.

A gentle palm lands on his tense shoulder and a soft voice starts to talk to him.

She isn't mad, she is apologetic.

She explains everything, honestly. Her fears. Her emotions. Her needs.

A little later, he rubs his thighs unintentionally; they are sore from long hours of flying.

She helps him.

He lies back on the tepid grass and it's amazing.

They get carried away and when he experiences the same dam-break, it's both utterly amazing and a tiny bit awkward.

But he doesn't run away and she doesn't feel the urge to leave.

20. Patience

****This is a combination of two drabble requests on tumblr:****

The first month of the new family of three is ambivalent. It's so amazing that they have this tiny little magic creature with them - and often between them - but it's also a frightening stage of life and it raises a gazillion questions. They are still learning this whole parenting thing, but luckily, baby Finn is a good and forgiving teacher.

He calms down in his daddy's arms and he doesn't really mind when his clueless father puts on his clothes backwards. He is generous with his smiles, so his parents never blame him for keeping them up three nights in a row.

But four weeks after his birth things are pretty much settled. It's comforting and less tiring now that they have a routine, even if it means waking up at 2 in the morning and sometimes at 4, too.

Of course, it's a bit harder for Astrid, but Hiccup knows it all too well and he goes home for a couple of hours every afternoon to let her rest and she is really thankful for her supportive husband.

After the first four weeks, they become a lot calmer. This whole ordeal, the parenting, seems doable for both of them now.

The next Sunday, Astrid decides on going for a ride instead of napping. She misses spending time with her dragon, but Stormfly understands that the little hatchling is high priority now. Astrid has to admit she is glad that she can be free from the sweet burden of the baby for some stolen minutes. She smiles when she feels the wind, the sun and the drizzle on her skin again.

Meanwhile, Finn and his goofy father are at home. The older Haddock sits on the huge bed in the bedroom, keeping the younger one gently in his arms. The baby is wide awake and looks at his daddy with big, dark eyes. Hiccup never feels uncomfortable when he is talking to the baby, he doesn't care whether his son understands him or not, he likes to communicate with him.

He likes how he tries to smile at him, he likes when he scrunches his nose and he adores the barely audible baby noises he makes.

Suddenly, the baby becomes a bit agitated. He puckers his lips and starts to make sucking motions.

"Oh-oh, somebody is getting hungryâ€|" Hiccup scratches his head and hopes that Astrid will be back soon; he knows that Finn is not a very patient type when it comes to his belly and in a couple of minutes his hungry cries will be so loud that they could wake up the dead.

"Don't worry, little buddy, mommy will be back with her boobs in no time."

It's meant to be a pretty innocent sentence, but when he says the word 'boobs' it suddenly hits himâ€| He realizes how much he misses his wifeâ€|

She is back in time and the baby gets crazy when he smells her milk-scented mama. Astrid quickly sits on the bed and Hiccup hands

her the desperately crying little starver and with a quick move she unties her bodice and the baby latches to her.

It's the first time Hiccup looks away when she feeds the baby, but the thoughts that dwell in his mind now don't go well with this sacred and innocent practice.

Later that night, when his wife's warm body presses to him, it gets a little uncomfortable again. He is patient and understanding, of course, and he knew that they wouldn't be able to get intimate for some time after the baby had been born, he just doesn't know for how long and it starts to bug him.

He doesn't want to ask Astrid about it, he doesn't want her to think that he is rushing things when she isn't ready and he doesn't want to ask his mother or any other woman, because that would feel more than weird.

He doesn't want them to think he is some kind of uncontrolled pervert who cannot live without sex, but the truth is that intimacy is a lot more for him than just a physical need. Of course, the physical part is great, it's sooo great, but the thing he really likes about them being together is the connection. _The way they completely absorb in each other._

But as of now, he has no choice, so he quietly suffers.

A couple days later, he cannot deal with the tension anymore, he has to relieve himself. His not proud of it and it doesn't feel _that_ good; his sexy wife has spoiled him and nothing is fulfilling anymore if she isn't involved.

But at least he can sleep even though her perfect butt is pressed to his abdomen almost all night.

Â§Â§Â§

It's a quiet, unimportant day, but at least the sun is shining, melting the hard snow of the past winter, turning Berk into a glittering jewel. Hiccup and his little family drops by the forge to visit Gobber and the baby falls asleep.

His mum had spent many nights in the smithy when she was pregnant with him, and strange as it may sound, the loud noises of the shop soothes the baby. They don't want to disturb his peaceful dreams and Gobber talks them into taking a walk, having some much needed alone time.

Hiccup takes Astrid's hand and she is really thankful for Gobber; it's nice to finally have a walk with her husband. They don't talk, they just marvel at the winter wonderland in front of their eyes while holding each other's gloved hands, listening to the crunching snow under their feet.

"Any plans for tonight?" She asks finally, breaking their silence.

Hiccup shakes his head. "No. I can help you with Finn if you need me." He only tries to look at her when she doesn't answer. Her wordlessness is awfully strange and he hopes he hasn't done anything

wrong. Actually, he knows he hasn't done anything wrong, it's just she is over-sensitive lately, like all young mums, and she can easily misinterpret things.

He gently tugs her hand and makes her stop and tries to look at her to check on her telltale facial expressions, but he has to tilt his head to be able to peek under her furry hood. She doesn't look back at him, she is occupied with uncomfortably kicking the snow under her foot. She wears a neutral expression, but her cheeks are bright red and it's not because of the chilly outside air.

"Is everything alright?" He asks starting to feel a bit worried. She is never like this, shy and vulnerable, seemingly lost for words. She nods quickly, but still doesn't say a word and she doesn't look up as if she couldn't stand his gaze.

Hiccup furrows his brows and presses his lips together, trying to figure out what she is hinting at, because she is definitely up to something. Hmm

Then something clicks in his brain. He hopes he is not wrong about it, because that would be more than awkward, but could this be the sign that he has been waiting for all this time?

"Astrid, are you suggesting that?"

She almost makes him lose balance when she throws herself on his breast, but he manages to stay still and cradles her with two strong arms. A cold little nose presses to his bare neck and he lets out a grateful, silent chuckle.

She pulls away a bit and even though her cheeks are still rosy, her smile is luscious and her eyes are sparkling.

"I miss my husband," she cannot say anything else, even if she wanted to, because the aforementioned husband leans down to meet her in a kiss.

He takes it slow first, nibbling at her soft mouth, licking its corner, waiting for the lips to part. He slips his warm, velvety tongue inside her and she welcomes him, letting him take control.

Her sweet taste reminds him how hungry he is for her and he pulls her close and there's nothing chaste about their kiss anymore. He wants her. He wants to bury his canines into her, he wants to tear her apart, he wants to eat her alive

He never lets go of her when he breaks their kiss to say something, but first he needs to calm down and a series of pants leave his lips while he presses a damp forehead to hers.

"Astrid I, huh need you like now."

She is all smiles and laughs and she plants a kiss just between his nose and his upper lip.

"No, babe I mean seriously you know there's that cabin"

Her smile freezes for a moment. There's an old, abandoned wooden house nearby and the Berkian teenagers use it for all the things a wife and a husband could do in their own house. She wants to protest first. She wants to shake her head and tell him that this is an awful idea. That house is messy and smelly and there's nothing romantic about it, but then she looks into his dark green eyes and he seems so desperate and lonely and beautiful.

He kisses her again, pouring all his emotions into her soul and body and something clicks, something changes her mind and all she wants now is to rush to that filthy house.

"Take-me-there," she demands with gritted teeth when she pulls away from their kiss and the biggest smirk appears on his face and he grabs her hand.

They arrive to the old cabin and the door is squeaking and everything is covered with dust inside, but there's a table in the far corner and Hiccup tests its sturdiness before he lifts his wife up by her slim waist and gently places her on the rough surface. He leans closer and kisses her neck while his fingers start to untie the straps that hold her coat together.

"Mmmâ€¦ you smell so good, wife," he says, words full of wants and needs.

"If I'm going to have splinters in my butt, you're picking them out."

"Anything for you, babeâ€¦" He doesn't even listen to her, just agrees with whatever she is saying, he is far too occupied with slipping his hands under her bodice. She doesn't mind his ignorance for her words since she is desperately trying to reach his belt buckle.

"Ooops," she lets out a little painful yelp and his fingers on her breast immediately stop. He looks at her with a worried expression, but she kisses away the frown on his face. "Don't worry, it's just my boobsâ€¦ they're a little sensitive."

"O-okayâ€¦" He sounds a bit unsure and his touches become feather light. "Good?" She smiles and nods. "Mhmmm, very good."

He kisses her again gently, stroking her nipples as slowly as he can, even though her hardening peaks are insanely exciting. He could swear, he has never been this hard in his life and the prospect of quenching his thirst for her after the long weeks of agony almost immediately throws him over the edge. That, and the feel of cold little finger tips brushing his tip when they finally snake inside his pantsâ€¦

His own hands slip under her skirt finding their way to her undergarments. It's cold inside and outside, yet his forehead is sweating when he presses it to her neck. "Astrid, Iâ€¦ I'm sorry about that, but I don't think I can last more than 2 minutes." She manages to lace her fingers around his cock and she laughs into his hair.

"That's okay, babe. You can make it up to meâ€¦ tonight?"

"I will, I definitely will." His fingers slip inside her undergarments, touching her throbbing sex.

Â§Â§Â§

Ruffnut woke up angry. In her home, on her bed. She wasn't planning on returning to her boring bedroom, she wanted to spend the night pressed to Eret's muscular body in the guest bedroom of his inn.

She wanted to trace his tattoos, the ones she hoped only she had known about. But he was too tired to attend to her needs, although she didn't want much, just some innocent cuddling and probably a few less innocent touches. But he basically kicked her out of the bed when he turned away from her and pushed her towards the edge with his wide and perfect back. She didn't fall off, of course, no man could make her fall, yet she felt offended and left when she heard his snores.

So today, she woke up crappy and needy for attention. She has a day-off, which is a good thing, because she doesn't want to see Eret's stupidly perfect face. And now, she needs an admirer, she needs someone who calls her his princess and she needs the hugs today, the ones she couldn't get yesterday. So she spends the day with Snotlout.

Yes, she is interested in both men and she feels no shame about it. They couldn't be more different and each of them serves a different need. Ruffnut likes the determined, experienced moves of Eret, but she also craves the clumsy, novice touches of Snotlout. And since both men know about the other and they have no problem with sharing Ruff, she isn't forced to make a choice. Of course, it will be inevitable at some point later on, but right now, she is free from the burdens of a serious decision.

So she forgets about Eret for a while and concentrates on Snotlout. They go for a walk into the frozen woods, a lamely romantic choice, but Snot is a bit braver now than usual and she enjoys when he pushes her to the wide trunk of a pine, running his hands up and down under her coat, crushing his lips to hers.

"Princess, you are so perfectly proportioned," he mumbles when he finds the two little peaches under the furs she is wearing. She laughs at his imperfect compliment and moans when he squeezes her hidden goods.

"This feel good?" He asks in a tone that meant to be seductive and manly, but he sounds more like an overexcited teenage boy. But Ruff doesn't hate his efforts. "I haven't vomited yet," she shrugs and her palms land on his firm butt, bringing him closer to her. She suspects a semi in his pants as he grinds to her and she starts to feel the need to explore it a bit further.

He tries to untie her bodice, but she doesn't want to make his job easier and stops his fiddling fingers. "It's ice cold you idiot, I don't need pneumonia."

The cogwheels in Snot's brain start to work immediately. He has caught the bird finally and he won't let her fly away just because the weather conditions are unwelcoming. "Mhmâ€|mhm.." He has never ever been thinking this hard in his life, but also, nothing has ever

been this important.

Ruffnut starts to get bored with him. She crosses her arms in front of her chest, lamenting on how lame men are.

"Oh! My princess! I know!" His enthusiastic voice fills the area around them and he really shouldn't be that loud, so Ruffnut presses a gloved palm on his mouth to quiet him. He gets her intention and continues with a whisper. "You know, babe, there's that cabin we used toâ€¦" Ruffnut cuts him off with narrowing her eyes. There's a moment of silence and the waiting game is almost killing him.

"Eh, why not?" She shrugs and he couldn't be happier.

"You will love it, baby!" He exclaims exuberantly.

"Meh, I'm already bored."

He kisses away her negativity.

Â§Â§Â§

The short way to the little house among the trees is peppered with several little stops for shorter and longer kisses and it seems that finally she is eager to follow him. When they arrive to the door, he playfully grabs her waist and pulls her closer to share a passionate kiss. It quickly becomes a bit more intense than it should be and they both lose balance and fall through the barely closed door, falling on the dusty floor in each other's arms with heartfelt laughs.

"Fuck!" The harsh and unexpected curse puts an end to their jolly good mood and they look up simultaneously.

"Fuck you both!" Hiccup's voice sound unfamiliar, he is never this rude nor this upset. It takes a few moments until Snot and Ruff understand the situation. He is coming towards them from the far end of the room, looking angry as Hel, fingers fumbling with his belt bucket. They hear a tiny noise coming from the corner, it sounds like a squeak and they see Astrid, sitting on a table with her back to them.

"Oh, so you wereâ€¦" Snotlout tries to explain the situation, mostly for himself, but two strong arms grab his shoulders and lift him up from the ground. Ruffnut quickly stands up, trying to suppress a sinister, gloating giggle.

"Get the fuck out!" Hiccup's eyes are throwing daggers and he violently starts to push them out.

"Sorry, Mr. Chiefâ€¦" Ruffnut tries to be funny, but he is really not in the mood.

"Leave! And don't you dare to set foot in this fucking house again!"

"Okayâ€¦" Snotlout grabs Ruffnut's hand and they rush away hurriedly, leaving their mad leader behind, not even trying to look back.

When they're in a safe distance, they start to laugh

shamelessly.

Hiccup grits his teeth and goes back inside, shutting the door angrily, throwing some of the scattered pieces of furniture in front of it to block it. But does it still matter? He doesn't know, he feels that the two ignorant idiots had taken away something precious from him. He stumbles back to Astrid who hasn't said a word ever since his outburst. He feels remorseful and he is really angry with himself.

"Iâ€¦I'm sorry," He starts quietly, not daring to look into her eyes, " I guess, this is it." Yes, he is sure that she doesn't want him anymore and the sad part about is that it's totally understandable. She touches his arm and he looks up with cheeks colored red by the shame. At least she doesn't seem angryâ€¦

"Heyâ€¦" She says gently.

"I guessâ€¦ we should go." He doesn't sound disappointed, but he is. On all levels. He is disappointed in himself because of his tantrum and the uncomfortable situation he forced her into andâ€¦ oh, everything started so wonderfully and now all things turned bleak.

Her fingers wander to his chin and she strokes his jawline. "Heyâ€¦ you lured me into this house, you coaxed me here with your sweet talkingâ€¦ I'm not leaving. At least, not before I get what I want."

It's really hard not to bury her into a tight hug or burst into tears. He takes a deep breath and presses his forehead to hers, but she tilts her head quickly and starts to kiss him.

She is passionate, she is hungry and she wants to devour him and her fingers quickly slip back to where they had been before they were rudely interrupted. He leaves her lips and pants hard into her neck while his eager fingers lift her skirt and grab the hem of her clothes. She somehow manages to lift her butt to help him remove unneeded fabrics while holding his member in her warm little hand, pumping it slowly, making it hard again. With her other hand, she reaches for his buckle and removes it quickly, freeing him from his pants.

He grabs her hips and pulls her closer to the edge of the table and he presses his hardness to her sex. He feels her juicy, burning core and it makes him let out a sigh of warm air. He kisses her gently and presses inside slowly, trying to make sure he doesn't hurt her. But she seems okay. More than okay, actually, because a deep moan leaves her lips when he fills her up.

"Babeâ€¦ I-I'm terribly sorry, butâ€¦ ahâ€¦ yeahâ€¦ I will be done in two minutes." He is already sweating and it is already hard not to let himself go, but she is wowâ€¦ she is just wow and incredibly delicious.

"It's okay, babe," she sounds almost cheerful and leans closer to him to nibble on the sensitive skin of his neck making him groan and speed up. "It's okay, you will make it up to me tonight."

He makes it up to her several times that night.

21. Evolution

I.

The first few times are incredible, magical, unbelievable, magnificent, but also... unimaginably awkward. His lips start to tremble when he kisses her below her collarbone and she is suddenly very self-conscious about her body when she undresses in front of him.

She blushes and covers her breasts with her arms and it takes a lot of tender pecks and even more gentle strokes to make her feel a bit more relaxed, more open. They are absolutely sure about wanting to do it, they have talked about it. Well, they didn't exactly talk about it, but both of them had hinted about it. Sort of. And they think they know what they are doing, but there's a huge gap between theory and practice...

Yes, he knows that he should make her feel excited... His own excitement was never a problem, a suggestive wink from her is more than enough to make his pants feel awfully tight, but it's a lot harder to figure out a woman's level of enthusiasm. So he is looking for the clues.

The passion in her kiss. The way her body shivers when he touches her skin. The goose bumps. The moans when his fingers slip between her legs. The way she nibbles on her lips when he finds that little bundle of hidden nerves. Her warmth and her wetness.

He is on top for the first few times. His face is crimson and he is sweating buckets and after a couple of unsuccessful tries, it becomes quite obvious that he needs her help. Astrid's own damp fingers shyly lace around his hardness and she guides him to her entrance. He slips in slowly while worriedly looking at her face, watching for signs of discomfort or resentment. But she seems fine, she seems eager, she seems excited. Once he loosens up a bit, he tries to build up a rhythm that works for him and works for her.

Aaand... it's really hard. It's really hard to control himself. It's really hard not to let go of everything immediately. Her hot and tight core is killing him; it's all he has ever dreamed of, but when fantasy becomes reality, it makes him feel uncomfortable and tense.

He is concerned. He is concerned about his body, his performance, her pains and her pleasures and he desperately tries to make it work.

It's maddening how she clenches around him and it's wonderful when she moans after he unintentionally succeeds in brushing some sensitive spot inside her. He learns that she loves when he speeds up, but he clumsily slips out of her from time to time and he needs her help again with getting back inside and it feels awkward. Even worse that despite his best efforts, he finishes way earlier than he should. It's not like he leaves her hanging, after a very quick rest, he gets back to her and fulfills all her needs according to his best knowledge, but for once, it would be nice to be able to satisfy her before he's done.

For the time being, sex works better in theory. But he wants it to be perfect, so he grabs every opportunity to practice it.

II.

He will never forget the first time when everything is flawless. They are patrolling the neighboring islands, checking on some freshly hatched Nadders and they land on a small, uninhabited land to have a short snack after being in the air for long hours. It's already dark when they sit under an apple tree to eat the bread and the cheese they brought. They are alone, but sex doesn't come into his mind up until Astrid bites into a ripe apple she has found under the tree.

There's something in the way she bites into the fruit... Something clicks in him when he sees how her white teeth dig into the yellowish flesh of the apple and he gets on his knees and crawls closer to her. He takes the fruit from her and throws it behind. He gently, but determinedly presses her down onto the tepid grass while kissing her feverishly.

She giggles first, there's something amusing about this sudden attack of passion, but her mood quickly changes when he somehow manages to untie all the straps and cords that hold her clothes together.

"Astrid... I want you." He sounds very serious and it's oddly exciting.

"I want you, too," she answers in a similar, honest manner while sitting half way up, making him climb off her. He is a bit surprised, but she pushes his shoulders, indicating that she wants him to lie down. So he lies back down and she straddles his waist. She quickly removes her clothes that were hanging loose anyways, and he runs his fingers up on her body until he can cup her breasts. She pants when he starts to rub her nipples and reaches back behind her to touch his bulge. The feel of his hardness under her palm makes her smile confidently.

"I can feel your _want_," she says cheekily and he pulls her down to a kiss. When they part, she wants to sit up, but he doesn't let her. His lips hungrily close around her perky nipple. She moans into the quiet night and his hand snakes under her skirt.

She lifts herself up a little and he firmly presses his fingers to her sex, rubbing it through the thin layers of clothes she is still wearing. It already feels delicious, but she doesn't want to have barriers between them, so she gets off him to get rid of her already damp undergarments and leggings. He is not wasting the time either. He quickly unbuckles his belt and lifts his hips to pull his pants down until he can free his throbbing cock.

Astrid looks at him and she finds his full mast irresistible. She is debating blowing him first, but she is aching to have him inside her, so she just sits on him. They both moan he slowly slips into her. She starts to move up and down and his hands land on her waist and he helps her find the right pace.

And then she does something amazing. She grabs her braid and lets her

hair down while riding him and Hiccup swallows hard when he sees the sea of curls floating around. The beams of the Moon paint her pale skin silver and her hair golden and he could swear he is making love to a goddess in disguise.

"You like this..." She says with a grin as she leans down to him to steal a wet kiss. He cannot answer; he is muted by her sheer beauty. She takes a deep breath and places her palms on his chest for support while she speeds up her moves. He is close. He is closer to the end by every friction of her body, but he manages to prolong the inevitable and he manages to reach her clit with his trembling fingers and when he starts to rub her, she is done.

She is gasping for air first as if she was drowning, then she collapses on him and bites his shoulder really hard. He hisses in pain, but he is taken aback by the powerful orgasm she is having on top of him and he knows that he doesn't need to hold back any longer.

He grabs her arms and brings her closer to be able to feel all inches of her skin on his skin and he hugs her really tight while he bucks his hips into her a couple more times before he bursts into her.

A few, tired pants later she climbs off of him and lies on her back, next to him, lacing her fingers with his. They watch the myriad of stars above them, without a word, feeling loved and satisfied.

"Wow... That was something." He says finally with a hint of pride in his voice. He turns his head towards her and she rolls her eyes. Bragging. He has every reason to brag, but it doesn't mean he should. She looks at him and she notices the deep bite mark on his shoulder. "Ow, babe... sorry about that."

"Nah, it's okay. I like it." He really means it.

"It's going to hurt when you put your clothes back on." She is genuinely concerned and when she touches it with feather light fingers, he hisses in pain. She opens her mouth to apologize again, but he cuts her off. "I don't mind having a little reminder of the awesome sex we've just had"

She props herself on her elbow and punches his other shoulder. He really shouldn't brag.

III.

Heavy snow falls on Berk, covering the whole island with a thick, white blanket. Hiccup is happy about it, finally, there's not much to do due to the extreme weather and every now and then he likes to have some lazy days.

The fresh snow brings out his inner child and even though he is a chief and a husband now, he enjoys playing in the snow with the dragons and Astrid. His wife. They have been married for a couple of months now, but it is still hard to believe that he is sharing his life with her.

It is awesome that she doesn't have to go home anymore, because home is where Hiccup is, and he enjoys every little thing that comes with

the marriage. The feel of her warm body in their bed. Having breakfast together. Combing her hair. Even their random, meaningless fights about mostly unimportant things. Everything that they do together.

The sun sets and it becomes freezing cold, so they rush back inside to warm up near the hearth. They are soaking wet and they laugh at each other while they try to peel off their sticky, wet clothes. They are not shy about being naked anymore, in fact, it feels natural.

He goes to the kitchen to warm up some yak milk and she gathers soft pelts and builds a little love nest next to the fire. He brings the milk to her and they sit close to each other, drinking silently. He takes the mugs and places them on the floor and turns back to her to wipe away the milk moustache from above her lip. She feels silly, she scrunches her nose and smiles and she is irresistible.

They start to kiss, slowly and passionately. They have plenty of time now and he doesn't want to rush things, he wants to enjoy every second of their intimacy. He gently makes her lie down and she has butterflies in her stomach, because she knows what he is up to and the expectation is killing her.

She knows that he will start to pepper her with damp kisses. She knows that he will stop at her breasts and he will lick her nipples with slow, circular motions before he starts to suck on them. And while he latches to her, his hand will part her thighs and his fingers will sneak between her wet folds. She will moan. She will praise his name and she will feel him smile with his lips around her nipple.

And then he will go down on her. When they have time, he always licks her out first and she loves it. The strong strokes of his tongue on her clit are fabulous and from what she heard from the indiscrete ladies of Berk, not every husband is so keen about eating his wife out, so she feels lucky. And Hiccup undeniably loves it. He loves her taste, he loves the way she arches her back in pleasure. He loves how she grabs his hair. He loves how she mumbles about him being a fucking genius. He loves how she takes a deep breath and holds the air inside right before her orgasm and he loves how she twists and turns and wiggles while she is coming.

He then climbs back up to her and kisses her and she can taste herself on his tongue and it's whoa... fricking sexy. He pulls back and looks at her. His eyes are beautiful with their deep green glow in the light of the fire and she knows, she almost even feels, how much he wants her. "Take me," she whispers and he releases her from his hug and kneels up. He brings her legs up and crawls between them. His fingers land on her hip and he lifts her until he is able to enter her. He doesn't need help anymore, he can find his way inside her in complete darkness, behind tightly closed eyelids.

He penetrates her and she grunts. His fingers dig into her hips and he starts to move in and out of her. Neither of them says anything, they both enjoy the sound of him slapping into her. _Slap. Slap. Slap._ She raises her hands and starts to play with her nipples, she is rubbing and twisting them and he really enjoys the view. Then his gaze shifts to where they are connected, and it's breath taking how his hardness leaves and enters her cute pussy. _Slap. Slap. Slap._

He trembles when he feels that a well-known feeling starts to build up in his stomach and he slows down; he doesn't want to end this, at least, not right now. He carefully slips out of her and after taking a few deep breathes, he guides her into a new position. She is on all fours in no time and he fondles her beautiful ass before he enters her again.

He watches as the well-defined muscles on her back tense and he runs a finger along her spine. _Slap. Slap. Slap._ The even rhythm of his smacks is broken by her groan. He grabs her hips harder and pushes into her with full force. She starts to pant and little drops of sweat pearl on her back. He knows she is getting close, so he leans down, presses to her back, and his hand reaches between her legs. He tries to keep up the rhythm while he rubs the nub at the apex of her legs. "Oh, fuck..." Her moan sound almost painful and it's really hard not to collapse when her second orgasm takes over her, even if he is not putting any weight on her.

He straightens himself behind her and he keeps up with his ins and outs while she trembles between his hands as her orgasm wears off. He wants to follow her, but not in this position. Of course, the sight of her beautiful, firm ass is as exciting as it can be, but it doesn't feel personal enough. He slips out of her and makes her lie on her side before lying down next to her.

"You are evil," she hisses while he lifts her leg up. "I know," he answers with a cocky smile and slowly slides back into her. She likes it. She presses her heel to the small of his back to pull him closer. She arches her back and he ducks his head down to reach a rosy nipple.

He sucks on her and she digs ten fingers into his shoulders. He doesn't want to wait or stop this time. He leaves her nipple and lifts his head. He looks at her beautifully contorted face while her third orgasm swipes her away and he thinks it's a good time to let himself go.

He shuts his eyes and bites his lower lip and he flows into her. He melts into her. For a few, everlasting seconds, they aren't two separate entities, they are one. She is part of his body and he is hers. It's unexplainable, it's indefinable, it's the alfa and the omega.

But unfortunately, the miracle ends. She scoots closer to him and presses her nose to his neck. He hugs her tight.

"Argh... I hate it that I love you this much." Her compliment is so Astrid-y that he has to smile. "I love you too, milady." He lifts her hand and kisses each finger, one by one.

"You know," she starts, "I was curious about sex before, but I've never thought it could be this good." He pulls away and turns his head to be able to look into her eyes.

"Well, I've always hoped that you would let me do things to you, but this is definitely much more than I hoped for."

They kiss. Their mute tongues do the talking, the wordless confessions of love. They part and for some moments they are silent.

She raises a finger and starts to draw on his skin. "But... we are not _even_..."

He looks at her again. "Hah, it's okay, Astrid... you let me have sex with you, we're always gonna be even." Her fingers slip down on his side while she looks at him with deep onyx eyes. "Aaand, I'm afraid, I'm way too tired to..." He stops when she strokes his penis.

"Are you sure?" She asks while her fingers gently lace around him. He shrugs. A part of him is definitely interested in her operations. "I thought so." Her giggle is sweet and he lets out a deep sigh when a moment later her lips close around him.

22. Disguise (Wicked Part 2)

****Okay, so here's a fair warning, because probably some of you aren't into this thingy and I don't want to ruin anyone's mood: this piece contains backdoor love. Of course, it's loving and consensual, like always.****

****There are some more notes at the end.****

Â§Â§Â§

She notices Eret entering the inn from up above. It's a damn hot day for someone who is used to snow and ice and she is terribly thirsty after spending more than two hours up in the air.

"Come on, girl, let's go get some water," she says while gently patting Stormfly's scaly head.

They land near the building. Stormfly discovers a barrel full of rainwater and she can hardly wait for her mistress to get off of her. Astrid smiles when her dragon rushes to drink and she hears the loud gulps. She strolls up to the inn and quietly opens the door, but the bulky owner immediately notices her. "Oh, hey, Astrid, what can I do for you?"

"Hey. I just need some water; I ran out of it and, bleh, my palate tastes like dust."

He smiles at her and she has to admit that he is charming in his own ways. He hands her a tankard full of ice cold water and she drinks it as fast as if her life depended on it. She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand and gives the tankard back to Eret. She wants more and the ex-trapper gladly attends her needs.

"So, how was the dinner?" Astrid quirks an eyebrow, she has no idea what he is talking about, but meanwhile, she gladly accepts the tankard again.

"You know, the romantic dinner on my ship? Your husband was quite excited about it."

"Oh, that..." She says between gulps and she knows her face must have turned red if not purple.

"Don't get me wrong... but I never thought he could cook."

Astrid tries to hide her telltale face behind the tankard... Isn't it obvious that they weren't having dinner on the ship, but... Oh, yeah, the memories quickly and vividly come back and her lips tremble a little.

"Ye-yeah, he is quite a chef..." She knows it sounds ridiculous, she feels it in her guts, but Eret somehow seems unsuspecting. It's strange, because she heard from both Hiccup and Ruffnut that Eret had a fair share of women in his life... He starts to clean the counter and she is glad he is not looking at her directly.

"Well, it's nice to have someone in your life who cooks for you..."

"Yeah, I'm quite happy with his cooking abilities..." Argh, an awkward slip of the tongue is just what she needed, but Eret is not Snotlout and he doesn't make a stupid remark about it.

"I bet you are," he giggles a little, but it still doesn't feel rude. "Anyways, I gladly offer my ship for you anytime you want to spend some time together."

"Mhm. Tha-that's nice, thank you." And now she stutters. Splendid. It would probably be a lot less frustrating if she just told him they had fucked in every corner of his boat... And suddenly, something hits her. Besides, it doesn't matter what she does after all of this awkwardness, does it? She clears her throat. "Eret, you keep the tavern closed on Sundays, right?"

Â§Â§Â§

Hiccup stops at the door before opening it. He hesitates for a second, he doesn't even know why, because he really wants to get inside. He places his palm on the sturdy wood and he pushes it in. It's dark outside and there's not much light inside either; just a few candles on the table and an oil lamp on the counter.

"Oh, a late night customer. What can I do for you?" She comes out from the darkness and grabs an empty tankard from one of the tables. He narrows his eyes to see her better. She looks quite different, he can hardly recognize her.

She did something to her hair, she let it down and somehow made it really curly. There's some dirt on her face, a smudge of coal dust probably. It's barely noticeable yet it makes her look exciting. Her clothes are unusual, too. She has a light linen bodice on and it's clearly visible that she wears nothing underneath it; the chilly night air has pearly nipples and the deep cleavage of her top hardly covers them. Her blue skirt is a lot longer than the skirts she normally wears; it reaches under her knees, but it's tight at the waist, emphasizing her slim figure.

Hiccup shamelessly feasts his eyes on her while she turns around and walks back to the counter, with her hips swinging in a maddening way.

"Can I get a tankard from your strongest ale?" His voice is strong and she rewards him with an alluring smile while gesturing to him to sit down.

She places the foamy drink in front of him and he drinks a few long gulps while she is watching him with a hand lightly resting on her curvy hip.

"Here, drink with me." She waits for a second before grabbing a chair and sitting next to him. She takes a few sips and a few drops of beer run down on her chin and her neck, like a fast creek, and disappear between the crevice of her breasts. She smiles while she wipes off the residue from her face, mainly, because his eyes are so focused on her cleavage.

"Do you need anything else?"

He locks gazes with her and every pore of him radiates excitement.
"Yeah. I need company."

She giggles. "That's going to cost a lot."

"I have money." His hand disappears in a pocket and he slams a pouch on the tabletop; the coins inside rattle loudly. She takes away the money and hides it somewhere in the many wrinkles of her skirt. She stands up and holds her hand out. He takes it.

She leads him upstairs to the room that's the furthest from the squeaky staircase. She stops at the sturdy bed and turns back to face him.

She takes a deep breath before popping the question. "What are you into?"

He quirks an eyebrow and he seems puzzled. She clears her throat.
"Breasts? Ass?"

His answer is barely audible. "Ass."

"Okay. Undress yourself," she commands him while she starts to untie the cords on her skirt.

"You're not helping?"

"Nah, you are a big boy." Her gaze shifts down to the front of his pants. "Yeah, I suspect you're a pretty big boy..."

"Is that a problem?" He asks while unbuckling his belt.

"No. I... have lubricant." She opens the drawer of the nightstand next to the bed and places a small bottled filled with oil on top of it. He pulls down his pants and she gulps when she sees his massive erection pointing right at her. She stops fiddling with her skirt and it falls down to the floor. She is naked underneath. She steps out from the pile of fabric and watches him expectantly. He walks up to her and only stops when his hardness brushes her sex. He tilts his head and wants to kiss her, but she turns away. "No. No kissing."

He utters a disappointed 'oh', but it's her game, her rules and he abides by her decision.

She lies down on the bed and scoots away to make him room. He takes the place and looks at her, waiting for the next command.

"Play with me." She bucks her hips toward him and his fingers land on the golden triangle between her tights. He caresses the silky hair first then slips his fingers between her folds. She is already quite wet, but he isn't sure that's going to be enough this time. Sure, there's that little bottle, but he wants to make her even more excited and relaxed first.

His fingers stop and he lies on his back. "Sit on my face," his words are simple, yet it's hard for her to comprehend them; it's not exactly what they had agreed upon.

"My _customers_ don't do that."

He smiles at her. "Well, I guess, I'm not your _average customer_ then." He laces his fingers with hers and tugs at her hand. "Come, sit. It will be fun."

She kneels up while he crawls down a bit more to give her space. She grabs onto the headboard of the bed and carefully descends; it's a good thing that the long years of dragon riding had made her thigh muscles strong. He places his hands on her hips and brings her closer to his mouth. She can feel his warm breath on the apex of her legs and it's mind-blowing. And then his tongue strokes her and she holds onto the headboard for dear life. She wanted this to be about him, but now, as she arches her back in pleasure; it's so obvious that it's never going to be about _him_ or _her_ it's always going to be about _them_. She doesn't hold back, she can't, she moans into the darkness of the room.

His left hand leaves her hip and slips down on her ass, reaching between her legs from behind. His tongue never stops and he strokes her until his fingers are covered with her juices then he slips them between her butt cheeks and starts to gently circle around the forbidden ring. It feels like teasing, but she knows he is just probably too shy about it or fears that it is going to hurt her, but she really, really wants it.

"Just do it," she says with a whimpering whisper and takes a deep breath. He slowly starts to insert his index finger, but of course, she is incredibly tight. Thanks for the lubrication, it's not an impossible mission and when he presses his finger inside her for the second time, it's a lot easier. She groans - it feels different, but it feels undeniably great. She tries not to put any weight on him, the last thing she wants is to suffocate him, but it's so damn hard to keep herself together.

His finger now moves in and out of her smoothly. "More," she says with a guttural moan and trembling thighs. It's a miracle that he can hear her since his ears are between the aforementioned wobbly thighs, but he understands her clearly. He pulls his finger out to get some more juice on his hand and when he spears her with two fingers, a high-pitched yelp leaves her throat.

It doesn't take more than a couple more thrusts and a few licks to make her come. Her moans are hard and loud at first and she is gasping for air, but when she starts to whimper, he knows it's his cue to stop touching her, because she will be oversensitive in a second.

She climbs off him a few moments later and she gives him a lopsided

smile and a seductive wink while reaching for the little bottle of ointment.

"Kneel up," she orders him and he does as he is told, face still glistening with the loosely wiped-off moisture. She grabs the bottle and pulls the cork out, throwing it behind her. She pours some of the liquid on her palm and she kneels before him. They lock gazes and he wants to say something; probably asking her whether she is absolutely sure about wanting it, but she shushes him and starts to pump his member with a moistened hand. He places his palms on her shoulders to keep his balance and he shuts his eyes to enjoy the sensation.

"Mmm, you're really good at this," he mutters while peeking at her through half-lid eyes.

"Practice makes perfect," she answers wryly and tugs at him a couple more times before he stops her by lacing his fingers around her thin, but strong wrist. "I'm good," he admits quietly and ah, he really wants to kiss her, but he knows he can't. Not now. She reaches for the bottle and places it in his hand. "Here, use it." He nods. She turns around and places her palms on the bed, sticking her butt out for him. He marvels at her perfectness and fondles her with his free hand. Her skin is so smooth, but her muscles are firm and he could do this all day, except she turns her head and looks at him steadily.

"O-okay," he mumbles and pours whatever is left in the bottle on his hand. He slips his fingers between her cheeks and into the tight ring and it's way easier than it was at first and it comforts him a little. He crawls closer to her after he has done a few ins and outs with his two fingers and he presses his member to the small entrance.

"Please, tell me if it's not okay or..." She cuts him off with an annoyed grunt. He starts to press inside and it's hard work for both of them. She bits her lower lip and hangs her head down. He is doing it very slowly and it's not bad or painful just unusual. She shuts her eyes tight while he fills her up and she knows that after a couple more thrusts it's going to feel wonderful.

As for him, the first few seconds are quite tense. He is constantly worried about her, because even though she was the one who came up with this idea, it doesn't mean that she cannot regret it. But she is stubborn as a lazy yak and he fears that she wouldn't admit if it turned out to be uncomfortable. But... she seems fine and he... he doesn't know what to think... he doesn't know how to feel... It's just... he got used to her tightly clenching around him, but this is, phew... this is a whole new level of tight. He is finally all the way in and their skins touch and he has to stop for a minute to collect himself before slowly pulling out.

The second round goes way easier and she groans and he finally loosens up a bit. He grabs her hips to hold her still and he kneads her butt and starts to press inside again and it seems that the lube just works fine, because this time it's almost too easy to slip inside her. She mumbles a few incomprehensible words, the quiet sounds of her secret pleasures, and she eagerly waits for him to take her again. He bucks into her and she yelps and feels how her senses start to get into that sensitive state when she has to curl her toes and maybe her fingers too.

After a few more slams, she does curl her fingers and the nails dig into her palm.

He is in an unknown state of mind, it's like a deep, sacred trance and he is not even sure that the things he sees and feels are really happening. It's so uncanny. He blinks a lot, his vision is blurry, but the feeling he gets when he re-enters her is sharp. It's almost crushing him. He burns with fever, he sweats with tension and he forgets to breathe several times. She hunches her back and she reaches between her legs to help herself. The thing he is doing is wonderful, but she knows it won't give her the fulfillment she is longing for.

She touches her dampness and before she starts to rub herself, she turns her head to look into his eyes through the veil of her disheveled hair. He doesn't notice her first, he is concentrating on the job he is doing with fingers lightly holding her by the hips. She clears her throat and he looks at her with eyes dark as the night. He has never seemed so handsome; his stubbles are longer than usual, he almost has a beard, and his jawline seems stronger, because he grits his teeth; it must be hard to bear all that delicious friction.

"Please...don't stop," she begs him quietly and he nods weakly. He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes trying to think about something less exciting, because he is close; he is really, really close. She turns her head back and hopes her wobbly left arm will bear her weight while she starts to press her moist fingers to her swelling sex. She is not gentle with herself, her strokes are hard and fast and it makes her moan loudly. "Ah, ah, ah... Ungh, aaaah," he hears her and it makes him push into her a little faster. He feels that she is falling to pieces between his hands and her fingers, but she still whispers "Do it... do it..." and he does his best.

Her strength is giving out and she lies her head down wearily, but her butt is still up in the air, held by his strong fingers. The sensation in her body doesn't stop, every stroke of him gives her a wave of pleasure and she pants, moans and sobs until he cannot take it any longer.

"I have to..." He mumbles and he cannot finish, because his orgasm takes him over. He shuts his eyes and nibbles on his lower lip and a tear leaves his closed eye leaving a salty trail on his contorted face before it lands on her back. His seeds are pumping into her and it's something new again, because she feels his well-known warmth in an unknown place. She whimpers into the pelts under her head and he gently pulls out of her.

He slowly descends next to her, lying on his back, chest moving up and down speedily as he gasps for the much needed air. She turns her face towards him and looks at his profile, he still seems unbelievably handsome. He takes a last deep breath and all is calm now. He puts his hand on hers and gently draws a few circles on the back of her hand before turning towards her.

"Can I kiss you now?" He is pouting and looks at her with the biggest puppy eyes. She cannot say no to that and she doesn't want to. She nods and he pulls her close.

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The water feels good, the temperature is good and the tub is big enough for both of them. She presses her back to her husband's warm chest and his arms around her slim waist strengthen.

"You okay?" He whispers into her ear and his lips brush her lobe.

"Mhm. I'm just a bit sore... But it's okay, I like it and nothing hurts, it's just... I don't even know how I feel."

He grabs her hand and lifts it from under the water, marveling at the slim fingers before bringing it to his lips. He covers her palm with gentle kisses and she smiles; his tenderness is adorable.

"I like your hair... It's... different." He compliments between kisses.

She frowns. "Ah... It's so not me."

He smiles into her neck. "You look different, but you still smell like my Astrid."

She turns her head and looks at him. His hands lace around her waist and he pulls her closer. She can feel his growing hardness pressing into the small of her back. She shivers when she feels his passion, but as of now she ignores it.

"Huh, I think I should make you something in the kitchen. Eret thinks we're having a romantic dinner."

He giggles behind her and she frowns. "He... doesn't?"

Hiccup shakes his head. "No, no, I don't think so. He's just you know... being a gentleman about it."

She doesn't say anything, just looks at him with serious eyes.

"A-Astrid... are you mad at me?"

She waits some more just to freak him out a little and then she giggles. "Haha, no. You know I hate cooking."

"You are one mean woman, Astrid Haddock."

"I know."

Â§Â§Â§

It's a busy afternoon at the tavern when the chief and his wife drop by. They are in an elevated mood, holding hands, winking at each other. "It's good to look at you," says Eret with a smile and he shakes Hiccup's hand. "So, what can I offer you today?"

"Two tankards of ale; one for me and one for my lovely wife." She rolls her eyes; her husband is terribly cheesy sometimes.

"Okay, shall I put it on your tab?"

Hiccup wants to say yes, but Astrid cuts him off. "No. I'm paying; I have some hard earned money to spend." She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the pouch he got from Hiccup. His face turns red in a second, but luckily Eret has already turned away to get them their drinks. Hiccup grabs Astrid's waist and pulls her closer.

He leans to her ear. "Thor's hammer... what have you done?" He mutters through gritted teeth. "Hard earned money? I want to have you right now, vixen."

She feels his excitement and a huge smirk appears on her face. "Eret?" She doesn't turn towards Eret, her eyes are lingering on her husband.

"Yes, Astrid?"

"Is any of your room free? My husband is hungry, but... He is a shy eater."

Eret suppresses a laugh and he walks up to them. They both seem petrified, lost in each other's gaze.

The tattooed grabs Hiccup's wrist and puts a key in his palm. "There, chief. Bon appetite."

Â§Â§Â§

Wow, thank you for reading it, feedback is welcomed as always.

And the notes are:

1. I don't really have any requests that I am capable of writing nor any original ideas, so I don't know when I'm going to update this. If you want to make a request, please send it on my tumblr page, it's a lot easier to keep track of your wishes there.

2. **I've started posting a new fanfic called Partners in Crime. It's a traditional crime fic with a couple of twists and of course it's a hardcore Hiccstrid story. Check it out if you're interested.**

23. Comfort

"Done and done," she states cheerfully when wipes the last bowl dry and hands it over to her son. Their hands touch and her fingers linger on his for a few seconds; thanks to Odin, the physical contact between them is less and less intimidating.

"Thank you, mum," he says with a blush before standing on tiptoes to put the bowl on the top shelf of the cupboard. He is so tall, he is so beautiful. Valka looks at him with a warm gaze; part of her still sees the tiny baby in him, the little one, whom she had made an orphan... She tries not to think about that, because it crushes her soul and breaks her heart and he doesn't want that. He doesn't want to see anymore tears, because they have already shed plenty in the past couple of weeks.

"I'm glad we had dinner together." Her voice is strong, but soft and he flashes her an incredibly handsome smile. "You know, you can spend the night here, if you want to."

"I wish I could, Hiccup, but I have a Gronckle with two broken legs at the Sanctuary. I need to check on him."

"Oh, it's alright." He doesn't sound disappointed, but his gaze wanders away.

She steps closer to hug him. "You should come to my place tomorrow night. And bring along your lass, too."

"You mean Astrid?" He sounds puzzled and he pulls away from her.

"Yeah. I mean, we haven't had the chance to talk yet and... My only memory about her is that her mother was pregnant when I..." She doesn't want to finish the sentence; it would tear up some deep wounds again.

"I don't know... I'm the chief and..."

"Son, you deserve a free night, you have worked so hard in the past few weeks..." She gently touches his cheek and looks at the dark circle under his eye. "We can ask Gobber to sort this out."

He nods and shares a faint smile with her mother. "Yeah, it's been a bit stressful..."

"Good. I really want to know her better. Well, see you after sunset."

"Okay, mum. Have a safe flight."

She hugs him again before she leaves.

Â§Â§Â§

Astrid becomes a little nervous when Hiccup informs her about the invitation. It's not that she doesn't like Valka, she just doesn't really know her and as of now, Valka is a peculiar stranger in Astrid's eyes. But Valka is a huge part of Hiccup and she is willing to accept anything that comes with the whole Haddock-package. They are not married, but they have an unbreakable bond between them, an unsaid, personal vow that's stronger than any official oaths.

He buries his fingers in her hair and gently pulls her closer to leave a kiss on her rosy lips. "It will be good, I promise. The Sanctuary is so beautiful, you'll see."

She nods and presses to him, indicating that she wants his lean, strong arms around her and he is more than willing to hold her. He leans down and presses his nose to her neck, breathing her sweet scent in. "Besides, we haven't had any private time together."

She shakes her head a little while he places a damp kiss behind her ear; it's so unfair, he knows that's a sensitive spot. "And we won't have any, because your mother is going to be there."

He shrugs and kisses the spot again. She pushes him away before he makes her horny and frustrated, because they cannot have each other right here, right now..

Â§Â§Â§

Astrid is amazed by the Sanctuary, it's more lively and colorful than any place she has ever been before. She smells the exotic flowers and plays with the cheeky little Terrors and she giggles a lot when one of them becomes obsessed with her braid and chews on it. Hiccup is a couple meters away, looking at his babe with love-filled eyes.

"She is really pretty," says Valka kindly when he steps behind her son, placing a hand on his shoulder. He blushes. "Ye-yeah, she is."

"I was thinking about getting some fish for dinner with the dragons and you could take a bath. There's a nice, warm pool in the left cavern"

Hiccup blushes even further. "You mean we could take turns in the pool, right?"

"Son..." She hesitates a little because they haven't really talked about these things before. "I know you're... intimate with her."

"Well, I-I-I..." He starts to stutter and even though he has already been in uncomfortable situations with his mum, this is definitely the most awkward. He clears his throat and his voice almost turns into a whisper. "How-how do you know? We are so careful..."

Valka smiles and strokes away a strand of hair from his forehead. "I just see how you look at each other."

"Oh. And you're not mad that..."

She cuts him off. "I want you to feel comfortable in my home. This is not Berk, this is a safe haven and only my rules apply here. And I want my son to think of my Sanctuary as his home away from home. Aaand... I also wish that hmm... my future daughter-in-law..." She waits for a moment until Hiccup seals his approval with a short nod. "Anyways, I also want Astrid to feel home here."

"Thanks, mum."

"Go, clean yourselves. I won't be back for an hour."

Â§Â§Â§

"Are you sure we should do this?" Astrid still has her doubts when she climbs into the pool next to Hiccup. He rests his head on the edge and holds out a hand to welcome her. She scoots closer to him and puts her head down on his shoulder.

"It's okay, Astrid."

"Your mum can come back any minute..." She sounds worried, but it's understandable. It almost never happens that they feel safe when they're together; there's always the risk of getting caught...

"Nah, she won't come back." He turns towards her and looks at her with bleary eyes. She knows that look, it's the way he looks at her when he really wants her. He tries to kiss her, but she pulls away.

"How can you be so sure?"

"She promised that wouldn't be back for an hour."

His hand try to cup her breast, but she stops him.
"Promised?"

Hiccup sighs. He knows it will be embarrassing for her no matter how he says it. "Well... she knows about us..."

"Oh, for the love of Freya... why did you tell it to her?!" She's obviously not happy about it and she slaps his hand when he reaches for her curvy hip.

"I didn't tell it to her, she figured it out."

"Oh, Gods... this is beyond awkward... we came to visit your mum and now she knows that we're doing it in her..."

Hiccup sits up and grabs her when she loses her balance because of his sudden move. "I'm sure she doesn't think about it..." He tries to calm her and he is really glad when she doesn't pull away as he tilts his head and leaves a damp kiss on her collarbone. "She just wants us to be comfortable in her home... and as a matter of fact, I'm a bit glad that for once we're away from the prying eyes."

She takes a deep breath and seems a little bit relieved. "Okay... I'm okay."

He flashes a lopsided smile at her. "Good." She leans closer to him and their lips lock. Their kiss starts gentle, but soon turns sensual and she doesn't want to reject his advances anymore. His hands grab her by the waist and a huge amount of water splashes over the edge of the pool when she lifts her and takes her on his lap. "Your beauty never ceases to amaze me..." He mutters faintly and she kisses him again. He moans into her mouth when she slowly buries his hardness in herself.

She moves slowly on him then faster and finally they dare to moan, groan and talk sweet nothings freely. She yelps when his hands crawl up on her wet stomach to her breasts and she moans into his ear when he squeezes them. The water ripples around them when she speeds up and splashes everywhere.

"Are you close, babe?" He asks finally while worrying about finishing too early. She nods and she crosses her arms behind his neck and pulls him closer. He tilts his head a little and he manages to latch on her hard nipple.

"Oh, Hiccup... this is... this is..." She is lost. She is lost for words, lost in her pleasures. She digs her fingers into her shoulders and she arches her back while riding off her orgasm on him and he lets himself go with the flow. His hands slip on her ass and she moves her up and down while he starts to come inside her. It's so

much more fulfilling when he only has to worry about her needs and her needs only, and not about other people's unwanted curiosity.

She rolls off of him and just pants for a while.

Â§Â§Â§

Valka comes back with the fish and she finds them playing with the Terrors again. They greet her with a laugh and she enjoys the sight of the two goofy kids wrestling with the tiny dragons on a soft moss bed. She is happy that they seem free of tension and stress; they deserve the comfort. A few minutes later, lost in their play, Hiccup grabs Astrid waist and pulls her close to kiss her in a not-exactly-chaste way. Then suddenly it occurs to both of them that Valka is still watching. Astrid pulls away from Hiccup first and she wants to say sorry with burning cheeks, but the older woman doesn't seem angry or concerned.

"It's okay, Astrid," she yells.

Astrid looks at Hiccup and he shrugs then has the audacity to kiss her again.

Â§Â§Â§

Thanks for the requests; I'll try to write them all. Feel free to send more.

24. Persuasion

Thanks for the request, Cornelia Goth!

(PS I've written a more serious drabble, it's called The Ghost and it's a modern WW2 thingy with a squadron leader Hiccup and yeah, lots of emotions, go, check it if you're in the mood.)

Â§Â§Â§

"Are you in love with your dragon?"

The question surprises him and he uncomfortably crawls out from behind Toothless's tail fin. He stands up quickly and tries to dust the sticky dirt off that covers him after playing 'catch the Viking' with his frisky dragon for the better part of the last half hour.

He walks up to Astrid while combing out dry leaves from his scruffy mess of chestnut hair. She doesn't seem exactly cheerful; her arms are crossed, her eyebrows are knit and she is impatiently tapping with her right foot.

"I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"Are you in love with your dragon?"

A nervous giggle escapes his mouth. "Astrid, why do you say that? You know I'm..." For a split second he debates saying 'I'm in love with you', but that would be far too soon and far too serious from a man who has grass stains on both of his knees. "..._not_."

"I've been complaining about being hungry for twenty minutes..."

"Oh, I'm..."

"Hold on to your sorries; if I had Stormfly with me, I would have long be gone."

He presses his lips together. He knows that he and Toothless have a tendency to be wrapped up in their own dragon/human world and although Astrid is an understanding girlfriend most of the time, he shouldn't abuse her patience. But then she lets down her arms, which means she is not that angry... So he playfully grabs her waist and pulls her closer for a quick kiss. "I will make it up to you, milady," he promises huskily while holding her tight.

"Pfff... If you're not in love with him, how come you always taste like dragon spit?" She rolls her eyes in semi-disgust and frees herself from his arms.

"Yeah, right..." He follows her to Toothless and sits behind her after she has mounted the dragon.

"Come to my house..."

"Why would I?"

Huh. He wants to tell her that he would like to be with her and that his father won't be home for a good while, but it's not that easy with Astrid. It's never easy with her, but it's part of why it is so perfect to be with her.

"Because... Because we have bramble pie." It's a bit unfair to seduce her with a dessert, because he knows she has a very sweet tooth and Mrs. Erlundson's bramble pies are taste like an edible Valhalla.

"Liar."

"Nope. Mrs. Erlundson brought us five pies this morning; I'm sure my dad won't mind if we eat one."

Her stomach growls. He pats the head of his dragon. "Toothless. Home."

Â§Â§Â§

The pie is delicious, as always, and a full stomach puts her in a better mood. He kisses off some smudged fruit residue from the corner of her mouth and she licks his forefinger that's covered with sugar. It's highly sexual and he terribly wants her, but it's not like he can tell it in her face; it would feel rude and disrespectful. No, he has to be crafty; he needs to try a subtle approach to convince her to follow him to his bedroom...

But when she yawns, he smiles. "We should take a nap..." He reaches behind her and gently strokes her spine.

"Yeah. I should go home and head for my bed." He knows she's just teasing him; he felt her shiver when he touched her.

"Erm... my bed is closer." It was a bald move, but he had to try it. Her face immediately turns red, but she would never admit to feeling embarrassed.

She is hesitant, but he knows he can persuade her. He tugs her hand and stands up. "Come on, it's going to be great. I meanâ€¦ refreshing."

"Sure."

She follows him upstairs and since she is behind him, she cannot see the triumphant smile on his face.

His bedroom is half-dark, the beams of the sun are blocked by the closed shutters and his bed is inviting; she is full and all the sugar she has consumed makes her tired and emotional.

He ducks his head down and places a small peck on her cheek. "Take off your armor, it's spiky."

He sits on the edge of the bed and removes his boot and the prosthetic then peels off his leather clothes; only his linen underclothes remain.

She kicks off her boots and gets rid of all the metal she is wearing plus her leggings.

She looks at him; he is already in bed with inviting hands, waiting for her to spoon.

"Your dad?" She asks while she lies down and presses her back to his chest, resting her head on his welcoming arm. He hugs her with his other arm, placing a gentle hand on her waist.

"Mmm, he won't be back for hours." His lips brush her nape, making the tiny hairs raise up.

"Okay. Let's sleep."

"Mhm."

"Hiccup?"

"Hmm?"

"Your hand..."

"Yeah?"

"It's on my boob."

"Oh."

He doesn't take it away. She turns around to face him; he looks way too handsome in the dim light.

"You don't want to sleep..."

He bits his lower lip before answering. "I do, I do, but I thought we

could..." Okay, he cannot take it anymore, he tilts his head and kisses her. "I thought we might..." He kisses her again and slips his hand under her bodice up until he reaches her shoulder blades. "We could probably..." His fingers untie her bindings and he loosens the strap of linen. "I mean we..."

She kisses him back; there's no point in denying the obvious, she wants him just as bad as he wants her.

"Yeah, I meant like _that_â€¦" He puckers his lips and kisses the sensitive skin behind her ear; he knows it is a huge turn on for her. Also, his fingers never take a rest and he pulls the bindings out from under her bodice and drops it on the floor.

He continues kissing her and it gets more and more passionate with every stroke of their tongues, every nibble of their lips. He climbs between her parted thighs and props himself on his elbows, which he rests on either side of her head. The kisses soon get heated and when she bucks her hips to his crouch, he knows that she doesn't need any more persuasion; she is in. They part with a loud plop and she pants beneath him, her hot breath tickling his skin.

"What do, huh, you want, huh, Haddock?"

"You..." His mouth is yet again glued to her and they help each other take off the rest of their clothes. He stops with the kissing and kneels up to marvel at the panting naked beauty in front of him; his full mast is a not-so-subtle hint of his growing desires. She sits half-way up and gently laces her fingers around his hardness. He closes his eyes when she starts to pump him.

"Mmm...so good... ah..."

And it even gets better when she changes her position so she can lick first and then swallow eventually. Through the veil of his thick eyelashes, he sees the outline of her as she moves her head around him, burying his cock in her mouth with a passion-fueled hunger. He digs his fingers into her hair, gently massaging her scalp.

"Babe... huh...ah... oh... this is... huh..."

He wants to stop her, because suddenly he feels very close to the point of no return, but her hand sneak up to the apex of his legs and start to play with his balls.

It's something new and it's something wonderful and he cannot stop neither her nor himself and when she starts to suck on him, he gushes into her mouth with a low, guttural grunt.

She swallows his salty seeds and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand before lying back down. He feels dizzy when he nestles next to her; he didn't plan it this way and he hopes he can return the pleasure.

He grabs the hem of her bodice and takes it off of her.

"Hey, you've already got what you wantedâ€¦" She giggles when he eagerly starts to kiss her exposed skin.

"It's your turn, babe," he mumbles before licking the sweaty skin

between her breasts.

"Mmm, okay... I've no objection..."

Â§Â§Â§

"...up? Hicc..?"

The distant voice starts to bring her back from dreamland, but she doesn't understand at first where she is... Oh, yeah... Someone is lightly snoring under her, warm puffs of air tickle the top of her head.

She is sprawled across him, on his bed, and they are both naked, with long limbs hanging out from under the fluffy pelts. Oh, yeah... he lured her into his bed and then one thing led to a few others and they must have fallen asleep...

"Hiccup?"

The blood freezes in her veins when she recognizes Stoick's voice. She doesn't dare to move, she doesn't breathe, she plays dead. The bedroom door opens with a slow creak and she feels that hundreds of goose bumps start to form on her exposed, bare back.

She knows that they would never be able to talk themselves out from this situation; all of their clothes and armor are scattered on the floor, she is lying on top of that sleeping idiot, flashing a lot more flesh than she ever intended to show her chief.

She plays dead, she is petrified.

The room is silent for a second then she hears a low "Oh..." and then the creak of the door again, the squeaking of the stairs and a little later the loud thud of the front door.

She is so going to beat the crap out of him for this.

She is going to torture him for the rest of his pathetic life.

But she needs to calm down first; her heart is beating like crazy.

She is so angry.

She is so frustrated.

She is never going to sleep with him, never again.

Â§Â§Â§

His fingers stroke the nape of her neck and she likes it. His other hand is resting on her bare hip. She leans closer to him, her nipples brush his chest, the soft hair tickles her and gives her the shivers.

"Oh, I never asked you, but did your father say anything after he... mmm... had caught us?"

He feels he is blushing. "Do we really need to talk about this..."

huh... _now_?"

She is slowly riding him, smiling every time when his length becomes fully buried in her. "Can't we talk while having sex?"

"Ungh... I think my father is off limits..."

She stops. "Still..."

"Fine. No, he didn't say anything, he just..." She starts to move again and he has to take a deep breath to be able to continue. "He just, huh, offered me an extra piece of meat during dinner..."

She giggles and speeds up a little. His fingers dig into her hip.

"Huh... He said I'll probably need more energy..."

"Oh-oh, that's terr... terrible Hicc... Oh, Gods..." He puts his hands to her ass and helps her move up and down. She is getting tighter around him and he knows it means that her pleasure bubble will pop in no minuteâ€¦|

And he is right, she starts to pant really hard and his thighs become wet with her release. It only takes him two seconds to follow her.

She drops her head on his shoulder and he stays hidden inside her. She presses the cold tip of her nose to his neck and he hugs her shoulders.

"I never wanted to have sex with you again."

"I know."

"I hate it."

"What? Having sex with me?"

"Nope. The fact that you can always talk me into it."

He shrugs and smiles. "Yeah, I know I can be very persuasive..."

25. Sure

****Someone requested more Ruffnut smut on tumblr... then feelings happened.****

Â§Â§Â§

"You are crazy," he says, gently telling her off, but his mouth crushes hers again, eagerly kissing already swollen lips. Ruffnut parts him quickly and cheekily starts to pepper his tattooed chin with wet pecks.

"Am I crazy for wanting my pirate?"

"Ungh, I'm no pirate..." He unbuckles his belt and a delicate, but

shameless hand slips inside his pants and laces around his half-hardness.

"What are you then?"

She starts to pump him with just the right rhythm and coherent speech seems to be a bit of a challenge now.

"A-a man."

The lanky girl laughs up. He is too cute when he is embarrassed because of her.

"A man in need, perhaps?"

He grits his teeth and hooks two thumbs into her waistband pulling her leggings halfway down. The cool wind of the night hits her burning core and the hard wooden wall feels uncomfortable behind her back, but she knows that she soon won't give a flying fuck about either of these things when Eret finds his way inside her...

§§§

Astrid starts to feel a bit dizzy after drinking the second tankard of ale. She isn't much of a drinker, but hey, it's been a busy week and she deserves to have some fun with her husband and their friends. She looks at him, he is sitting at the far end of the table, enthusiastically gesturing while discussing some "dragon stuff" with Fishlegs. She is watching him with warm, loving blue eyes and a few seconds later she shakes her head; he is such a dork. A beautiful, adorable, perfect dork.

But unfortunately, she definitely needs some fresh air now. She stands up on two wobbly feet and heads for the giant door of the Hall.

When she is out, she sits down on one of the wide stone stairs and enjoys the cool night breeze; it feels more than refreshing.

But then she hears the muffled noises. Scratches. A faint patter, curious and unusual. She thinks it to be a trapped animal, a clumsy terror hatchling stuck under a tree branch, a gronckle turned upside-down, trying to get back on its feet. She stands up unwillingly and takes a few hesitant step towards the source of the noise that keeps coming from behind the Hall. For a few moments, the wind blows away all sounds, but she can see long shadows moving on the grass a few steps away from her; someone or something is at the wall...

The wind dies away and she hears the noise again, but this time she recognizes both the source and the nature of it.

Her jaw drops and she backs away immediately, feeling that the flames of awkwardness start to lick her cheeks.

§§§

"You've been awfully quiet..." She is in bed, in her night clothes, and her husband has just crawled behind her. He hugs her waist and

brings her closer and it's nice, because he is warm and comforting. He places an open mouthed kiss on her neck and his stubbles scratch her sensitive skin. It would feel very seductive if she weren't concerned about her friend...

He stops kissing her and gently strokes her belly. "What's wrong, milady?"

She turns her head and bites her lip before answering. "I went outside the Hall to breathe some fresh air and I... I think... No, I'm sure that Ruff and Eret were doing it behind the building."

His stroking hand stops on her belly. "Oh..."

"I mean, I knew they did a little this and a little that, because Ruffnut likes to share, eh, but..." Her neck gets tired in its twisted position, so she turns away. Hiccup ducks his head down and his lips brush the nape of her neck.

"Are you worried or something?"

"I don't know, Hiccup... it's... it's just ever since we know him Ruffnut is so openly into him and..."

He is nibbling on her earlobe, which is normally the hugest turn on, but now her thoughts dwell on her girlfriend's situation...

"Hiccup, please... this is important."

He pulls away a bit and gives her enough room to turn over and be able to face him.

"So why is it a problem that she likes him? I mean, I really like you and..."

"But we are married. We are free to like each other."

"Astrid... I liked you long before our wedding."

"I know, it's just... they're having sex..."

"Babe... I don't want to sound rude, but we had plenty of sex before we officially tied the knot... Not that sex with you ever could be enough." He pulls her close, without warning, and kisses her triumphantly. She gently pushes him away; she really wants to talk it over before anything else.

"It's just we both know that Eret had other women and... I don't know... what if Ruffnut is just another item on his list?"

"Oh."

"Yeah, 'oh'."

"I don't know about that... but do you want me to talk to Eret?"

She waits for a second before she nods.

"Okay, consider it done."

"Thank you."

She crawls closer and he closes his strong arms around her, pulling his wife to his chest, caressing her back.

"Hiccup... do I feel a... boner?"

"Guilty as charged."

"Ungh... you're terrible."

"I'm terribly good."

"Big words..."

He giggles and grabs her hand. "Let me show you something else that is big..."

"Hiccup, you are..."

He cuts her off by placing a warm palm on her mouth. "Sssh, wife, let me love you now."

Â§Â§Â§

He appreciates the cold drink Eret hands him; there's nothing better than a well-deserved ale after a lengthy meeting with Spitelout and the rest of the townsmen. Now everything is perfect, the setting sun paints the deck of the boat orange and the two men just silently watch it for a while, sitting on two comfy chairs next to each other, sipping their drinks in synch. Hiccup doesn't know how to start the conversation, he even considers postponing it, but he has made a promise to his wife, so he takes one last gulp and gathers his courage.

"Astrid saw you last night," he says finally. He doesn't look at Eret, his gaze is fixed on the vast ocean in front of him.

"I see..."

"You know, I'm the chief and... I'm responsible for my people and yeah, that includes Ruffnut. And you, too."

"And what makes you think we're being irresponsible?"

Hiccup takes a deep breath. He feels that it's not his job to do the "talk" with a grown up man, but on the other hand, it probably is. "Well, she is a maiden and..."

"With all due respect, Chief... you had your ways with Astrid long before you two got married."

Hiccup knows that Eret has a valid point, yet their case somehow feels different. "I'm not denying it, Eret, it's just... I think that you cannot compare our..."

"Why?"

"Because we only started to erm... do things when we were absolutely

sure that we would get married pretty soon."

Eret lets out a heartfelt laugh, which disturbs Hiccup; he cannot understand why his companion thinks him to be funny.

The tattooed turns towards him and places a friendly palm on his chief's shoulder. "Yeah, Hiccup, that's the point; we are absolutely sure."

26. Scent

"No, Snotlout, you don't have a vote," it's the fourth time Hiccup tries to explain the situation to his hard-headed cousin and he still doesn't seem to get it.

"Okay, but I don't want to be in a tent with Fishlegs; he is a farter."

"No, I'm not! It's just my momma cooks all those delicious dishes and my stomach feasts on them for hours and that's what makes those sounds."

"Whatevs, Fish, I want to have Astrid inside my tent. I hope you know why."

Astrid's eyes light up with the fire of revenge; her grip tightens around the handle of her axe, but Hiccup grabs her elbow before she has the chance to gut Snot.

"Easy, guys..." He takes a deep breath. Sometimes he really hates that he has to be the voice of reason among a bunch of stubbornly ignorant Viking teens. By Odin's beard, they are not even teens anymore since most of them have past their 19th summer...

"So, you had one thing to do: bring a tent."

"Yeah, Hiccup, but I thought Fishlegs..."

"...Snotlout's going to bring it."

Hiccup takes another breath before he raises his voice. "Guys, we're over it!" He looks at Astrid who seems a tiny bit calmer now, which is good, since he really needs her support. As always.

"Luckily, I and Astrid both brought tents, so you can share one of them."

"Yeah, but why can't I and Astrid...?" Snot tries it again, but then he looks at Astrid's contorted face and he doesn't finish his question. Yeah, she is very dangerous, a real threat... but on the other hand... he likes to tease her. "Right, because Astrid wants to _sleep with Hiccup_."

"Yes, you dumbass!" It's her instant reaction, but she immediately regrets it and turns red once she realizes Snotlout's intended ambiguity.

"Hahaha, I knew it!" Snotlout's accusingly points a finger towards her. She really wants to break all his knuckles, but her boyfriend is

still holding her, not letting Astrid get any closer to Snotlout.

"Aaastrid wants to sleep with Hiccup, Aaastrid wants to sleep with Hiccup..." His childish singing infuriates the girl even more and she tries to yank her arm from Hiccup's grip, but he holds her tight; the last thing they need is a stupid fight right before the sun sets and the dragons of the night come out.

He hopes that nothing vicious lurks for them on the remote island they have landed on, but the Berkians are stranger to these parts. Anything can be resting hidden under the ground or inside the caves that pepper the large, rocky walls which surround the clearing he has chosen to be their campsite.

"Snotlout, please," he begs him far nicer than he probably should, but it works, it quiets him down. "Thanks. So Fishlegs, set up your tent, I'll do ours with Astrid. And Snotlout, please build a campfire."

"Why not Astrid? I hear she is good with wo_od._"

And then there's some more screaming that makes Hiccup's head throb, but eventually everybody quiets down and they all start to work on their tasks at hand.

Â§Â§Â§

The night sets and they eat at the fire and he leaves Snotlout to be the sentinel. He knows his cousin is going to be asleep literally in a blink of an eye and he is planning on watching their campsite for most part of the night, but he needs some time with Astrid first. He wants to cuddle with her a little, to get enough heat from her that will keep him warm through the cold night outside.

When he enters their tent, he hears that Snot is already snoring by the fire.

Astrid is lying under a pile of furs, sans her armor, patiently waiting for him.

"Everything alright?" She asks quietly when he crawls next to her.

"Sort of. Snot is asleep, but the fire is still strong, so I thought I might as well wish you good night, before I'll go back out."

"I like the idea."

"I don't have much time, though..." He lies next to her; both of them are on their sides, facing each other.

"Hiccup, you never have much time..." She isn't complaining and he knows that, she got used to him being away or being burdened with smaller and bigger things; there is always a problem that needs a solution or a weapon that needs mending or a dragon that needs to be tamed.

Being unavailable is part of their relationship, but she has accepted it. But the way he kisses her now, feverishly and wildly, definitely

verifies that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

She feels a bit tired and his passion further weakens her, so she just lets him devour her skin and flesh with his hungry lips. Every now and then she enjoys being passive, letting him take full control. She has never had any experience with other men, she has never cared about anyone really, apart from the scrawny kiss-machine on top of her and she isn't interested in the juicy gossips, yet she knows that her lover is someone special. He is caring and attentive and she often thanks Freya for generously giving her the love most only dream about.

She smiles and raises her hands above her head, fisting into the furs when his hand cups her bare breast under her tunic.

"Mmm..." Her moan is sweet and encouraging.

"Huh... I really don't have time, but..." She arches her body and he peels the useless fabric off of her.

The moonlight glows on her pale skin and makes her irresistible.

"Want me..."

He grins. "I always want you, Astrid, but sometimes I can't have you."

A disappointed little "umf" leaves her full lips. He has to taste her again and feel her breasts under his callused palms.

"May-may be we can... I can help you out? We have time for..."

She should feel ashamed about how fast she pulls her leggings and undergarment down, but she isn't. She has needs, needs that he evoked in her.

She lies back on her back, all naked and stunningly beautiful. He takes away his hand from her breast and places it on the golden triangle of pubic hair, stroking her softness lightly, enjoying how the sensitive, delicate part heats up under his touch. Her eyes are glowing with a deep blue light as she locks gazes with him, half-parted lips breathing hot air in and out.

"I missed your touch," she admits through her uneven breathes. His fingers slip between her folds, finding an even heavier warmth there. "I missed touching you..."

She hisses when he starts to rub the already slick pearl between her legs. He ducks his head down to kiss her slowly; his tongue in her mouth is moving in harmony with his fingers, making the same circular motions. Her core is getting wetter with every stroke and his fingers move further down, stopping at her entrance. She doesn't enjoy the delay, a frown draws on her face and she impatiently bucks her hips forward.

He smiles at her restlessness, but has mercy on her and gently pushes his forefinger inside, enjoying how she moans after the deeply craved intrusion. He starts slowly, he pulls the digit out then pushes back in and it soon it becomes obvious that she needs more, so his middle

finger joins in.

He takes pleasure in her sight; it is still quite hard to believe that he is fingering Astrid Hofferson - and he does it on a regular basis - and it's even harder to believe that it pleases her. It makes her wiggle and groan and beg for more and he is more than willing to give it to her.

But now he needs to shift position, because his steadily growing hardness starts to feel uncomfortable in his tight leather pants. He unbuckles his belt with his free hand and clumsily pulls his pants down, releasing his swollen cock. He lets out a deep sigh when he frees himself and unintentionally curls his fingers inside her.

The jolt of pleasure surprises her and she yelps. Hiccup is shocked for a moment, he thinks he has done something wrong and quickly pulls his fingers out, but she grabs his wrist.

"Nononono, put them back... It's really good." He is still a bit confused, but does as he is told, and his fingers are soon surrounded by her exciting dampness.

"Curl them again, please... Oh, Gods, yesss!" She arches her back again and he is so wet that he can easily slip a third finger inside her. And she gets crazy, it is amazing. She buries her fingers in his hair and pulls his head down to her breasts. "Nipple. Suck. Ah... Now."

His tongue licks her rosy pebble and she shivers then he latches onto it and starts to suck it hard. "Oh, I love you... I love you so much..." She vows through breathy pants and there's no way to measure the amount of pleasure she is getting now. Normally, her orgasms feel like a short and fast run to the top of a mountain and then an even faster fall, but it's different now. He has triggered something inside her and it got her immediately to the top and now she is there and she is not falling, just enjoys the view.

She spreads her legs even more and whimpers when he leaves her right nipple and starts to suck the left one. He can't believe how wet she is, her juices are dripping down from his fingers and he tries to push them even further in. She grabs his hair and causes him a mild pain as she tugs at two handfuls of strands, but he couldn't care less. She pulls him up to be able to kiss him and her mouth is wet and hungry and her tongue is so out of control. He turns his wrist and she almost screams into his mouth when his thumb starts to rub her clit the way he knows she likes it.

She digs ten fingers into his shoulders and grits her teeth. She starts to float up from the top of that mountain, into the stars and he looks at her with the deep emeraldness of his eyes as she orgasms in his hands. Her lids are half-closed and she smiles and pants and she is beautiful and he slowly takes away his hand from her wet center, knowing how sensitive she is right after coming.

But her eyes pop open and she grabs his shoulders again. "More!" She commands and it's confusing, but only until she sits half-way up and pushes him down on his back.

"Babe, I really should..."

"Shut up!" She quiets him and without hesitation, she sits on his cock. It's his turn to feel amazing. "Oh, Gods, Astrid you're ah-mah-zing..."

"No, it's your cock, he is amazing..." She is moving fast, rocking and closing around him and he closes his eyes and sees the stars behind them. He is going to be finished in a second, but he wants to be in control and grabs her fast moving hips. She stops and seems surprised when he props himself on his elbows.

"M'lady, let me..." He doesn't even wait for her reaction, but carefully lifts her from his lap and makes her lie on her back. She crosses her arms behind his neck and pulls him down for a short kiss while he slowly descends into her. They part and they smile into each other's mouth while he comfortably moves in and out of her. But she grabs his shoulders again. "Hiccup... fuck me. Please." Her words burn into his soul and set his body on fire. She makes him turn into a wild, savage animal and he doesn't care, not even a least bit that their friends and dragons are nearby.

He spears her with full force and she tries to mute her own scream by turning her head and biting into a pelt. He places his elbows on each side of her head and his hand gently turns her head back. "I want you to look at me..." He whispers while thrusting into her again. Damp strands of hair stick to her face and it's getting harder to breath. "I love you, Astrid, I so fucking love you," he confesses and her hands slip under his tunic to feel his sweaty back.

"I know... ah... dear gods..." He reaches under her knee and lifts it up and penetrates her deeper and she is there again, lost in the stars, groaning and moaning, wishing him to finish with her to feel his warm seeds filling her womb. "Hiccup!" She screams and he is done too, coming into her with an unknown force, dropping her leg he was holding, collapsing on her, crushing his body with hers, forgetting his name, praising hers. He pants into her collarbone and she into his ear and their wet bodies stick together; they are a hot, sweaty mess of love and fulfillment.

"Astrid, I really do love you."

She giggles. "I know. Also, undeniably, this was the best fuck of my life."

He kisses her gently.

"Mmmm... you have a magic cock..."

"Hey... don't tease me... I should have gone back out a long time ago..."

She smiles into his neck. "We really should have more sex..."

He forces himself to sit up and his gaze lingers on her beautiful, glistening body. "You make it really hard to leave."

"Will you come back?"

"In a couple hours, I guess." He promises while he is trying to clean himself with a pelt.

"Then I'll stay naked."

He chuckles. "Why?"

She shrugs. "It's cold outside; you'll like it when you press to my warm body."

"I have no doubt."

She sits up and crosses her arms behind his neck and pulls him close for one last kiss. "I might not hate it if you wake me up, you know, in a suggestive way..."

He peels her hands from the nape of his neck and kiss both of her wrists. "You're torturing me, babe."

He leaves the tent and she collapses back onto the warm pelts, which still smell of him.

§§§

He sits at the fire and is a bit annoyed that Snotlout is nowhere to be seen. They really should be more responsible, but then again, he wasn't particularly in control of the situation in the past half hour... Then suddenly, someone stomps out from the nearby shrubs and sits next to him with a huge groan.

"Sorry, boss, had to make my snake cry."

Hiccup rolls his eyes. "Snotlout, I really didn't need this information..."

"Hey! Don't criticize me; apart from that, I was here all this time, guarding our campsite."

"Okay. Thank you." He cannot say much more, his thoughts wander back to Astrid, who is only a couple of yards from them, completely naked and all beautiful. A sudden jolt of pain in his stomach wakes him from his daydreams; he groans when Snotlout elbows his guts.

"You know what? I should thank you, Hiccup."

"What for?"

"You know, I hahaha heard you and... yeah, I'm kind of glad now that I ditched Astrid."

Hiccup's cheeks become dark red and he doesn't know where to start. Should he deny the obvious? He knows that Astrid wasn't quiet and there were a lot of movement in the tiny tent... Should he be offended? Should he try to explain to his cousin for the millionth time that Astrid never dated him? But Snotlout doesn't wait for his answer.

"You know, Hiccup, I'm a nice guy and I knew she loved pain, but I don't think I could do what you did to her."

Hiccup's eyes go wide, he hasn't got the faintest idea of what Snotlout is talking about and he isn't sure that he wants to know an explanation. But unfortunately, nothing can stop Snot.

"Oh, come on, the girl likes a little slapping, that's not the biggest crime in the world."

He is shocked. "You think I was slapping her?"

"Well, I heard you were slapping her. But you know, whatever makes her happy...it's just not my thing."

"Yeah, right, because you're such a nice guy." Hiccup doesn't know whether he should laugh or cry, Snot has a special talent to make every weird situation even weirder.

"Yeah, I like to be nice to the ladies. But Astrid is Astrid, she likes it rough."

"Mhm."

The bushes start to rustle around them, which at least puts an end to the awful conversation, but it alerts both of them. Luckily, a moment later Fishlegs appear with a terrified face.

"Guys? Can I stay with you?" His voice trembles and he seems frightened as he sits down.

"What's wrong, Fishlegs?" Hiccup is genuinely concerned even though he knows Fish is not the bravest cub in the lion's den.

"I-I heard screams. Lots of them..."

Hiccup's heart skips a beat, not him too...

"Hahaha, yeah, there must be a pretty wild Screaming Death somewhere around here." Snotlout laughs and then turns to Hiccup with an over-gestured wink.

"Okay, I guess, I'm not tired anymore." Fishlegs' voice is still unstable and Hiccup almost feels sorry for him. He raises his hand to cover a yawn and he smells the scent of Astrid on his fingers. He had wiped them off before he got out and although he dried his fingers, her scent remained. He inhales it deeply and he feels that something is getting very much alive below his belt...

He takes his distracting hand away from his nose and clears his throat. "Erm... Well, if you stay here, probably it's the best if I get some sleep." He doesn't wait for their answer, he quickly stands up. "Wake me in a couple of hours."

Â§Â§Â§

"You're not even cold," mumbles Astrid, who is still half-awake.

"I was close to the fire..." He lies down behind her and pulls her close so her bare back is pressed to his naked chest. His hand snake between her thighs to part her legs a little. "I think, I'm still close to it..."

She moves her hip to give him easier access. "Just make sure you won't get burnt."

27. Frustration

****Drabble request from tumblr: Baby Finn disturbs his parents...****

****Â§Â§Â§****

Her hair covers the pillows like a golden quilt, like glowing embers after the fire has just died out. The only noises that break the silence of their bedroom are from her uneven breathes and from her occasional, sharper sighs. Under the cover of the fuzzy furs, he is kneeling between her wide spread thighs, with underpants half pulled down. His hardness brushes her folds every time he moves and the delay of the sweet entering maddeningly excites both of them.

But he wants to take his time, there's no need for rush. He slowly pulls the lace that holds her nightclothes together as if he was opening a present; revealing only a patch of pale, burning skin at a time. He ducks his head down after a new inch is uncovered, leaving a damp kiss on her warm flesh.

She shivers when his dry, wanting mouth touches her and she moves her hip upwards to make him feel just how much she wants him...

Then another noise can be heard, a well-known, beloved one, that's normally dear to their heart, but now it's frustrating. The taps of the little feet on the wooden floor is getting closer and Hiccup quickly pulls his pants back on with a contorted face and lies back next to his wife before their little son climbs the marital bed and nestles next to his mom's warm body. He is soon followed by a small Night Fury and then a bigger one. Toothless climbs on his sleeping stone and One Breath disappears under his tail fin and suddenly the once quiet room is full of snuffling and snoring people and dragons.

Astrid cradles Finn and buries her nose in his soft baby hair before she turns back to her husband.

"I'm so sorry, babe..."

He shakes his head and places a gentle peck on her still red cheek. "It's okay... we have a big family."

She smiles, because it's true and she loves it, they both love it, yet it would have been nice to be a little intimate with her husband... Who still seems a bit uncomfortable and embarrassed.

He sits up and reaches for his prosthetic that lies on the floor, next to the bed.

"Is everything alright, Hiccup?"

"Mhm... yeah... I just... I think I'll just go down and huh... shovel some snow, because... yeah."

She understands him, she has felt how much he wanted her and she knows that his unfulfilled desires can cause him an agonizing pain. She feels sorry for her, but there's not much she can do with a baby in her hands...

He leans back to her for another kiss and he strokes the head of the tiny one before he turns around and trudges down the stairs to get some relief from the cool of the night.

Astrid turns back to the little thumb sucker and pulls him closer to be able whisper into his ear. "Finn, if you keep on coming to mommy's and daddy's bed, you'll never be a big brother to anyone..."

28. Wounds

****Again, fulfilling a tumblr request:****

"You're an idiot!" Her voice is a mixture of angers and worries and she tugs his hand and pulls him to his bed a lot rougher than she means it. She slams the sack of remedies on the nightstand then spins around to face him. He is red with shame, as he should be, and he tries to avoid her angry gaze.

"Get it off!" She commands and grabs the hem of his tunic. He hisses every time the tattered fabric touches his broken skin, but the girl shows no mercy while she is peeling off the torn clothing.

"Astrid... I'm hurt..."

"Of course you're. Trying to put a saddle on an untamed Nightmare? You should have known better!"

She swipes her bangs away and leans closer to his bare chest to examine the claw marks that draw across his pale, freckled skin. He cries out in pain again when her fingers ghost over the swollen edge of the wounds. She lifts her head up quickly, almost brushing the tip of his nose with hers.

"Lie down," she orders him through gritted teeth.

He doesn't dare to protest and a second later he is in horizontal position, unsuccessfully trying to suppress a grunt of pain. She quickly unbuckles his belt and peels off his pants then reaches for his prosthetic. He doesn't know why it is necessary to free him from his fake leg and the leather trousers; after all, it's only his chest that bears the shameful signs of an amateur mistake...

She grabs the sack from the nightstand and fishes out a small potion. "You need to swallow three drops of it." Her words are still not particularly nice, but at least the tone is softer. They both know that she is more concerned than irked, but she doesn't know how to play the panicked girlfriend, so she goes for the furious instead...

"What's that?"

She takes a deep breath and there's some concern and gentleness in her voice now. She is well-aware of the fact that his mistake could have had lot worth consequences, but she doesn't want to think about them. "Essence of nightshade, it will help ease the pain."

"Erm... Astrid, it's really not that bad..."

"But it will be when I clean the wounds. Put your tongue out."

Unwillingly, he props himself on his elbows and lets her pour three drops of the thick liquid on his tongue then collapses back on the fur pillows.

"It tastes terrible," he complains with a contorted face, like a kid swallowing a cough medicine, while she grabs his wrists and places them above his head.

"And it will make you groggy and drowsy. Please, keep your hands where they are, I'm going to clean the wounds and apply healing clay on them."

She takes a linen cloth out from the sack and pours a whitish liquid on it that has a very strong, nose wrenching smell.

He grits his teeth; the liquid causes an immediate stinging pain in his chest when she starts to disinfect the cuts. "Luckily, they are not very deep," she states while cleaning the wounds.

"Why do you need the clay anyways? I thought you liked scars..." He starts to feel the effect of the nightshade; the pain is a lot more bearable and his brain feels a little numb.

"I like battle scars, Hiccup, these are just some ugly reminders of your stupidity." She wipes his chest one last time and his skin burns as the liquid evaporates from the wounds. She notices his mute suffers and leans closer to blow some cool air on the torn skin. It feels nice and he looks down at her through half lid eyes, marveling at her stunning face as she puckers her lips concentrating on easing his troubles.

He definitely feels groggy. And honest. He wants to tell her, here and now, in this uncomfortable and somewhat embarrassing position that she means the world to him. She is the grass and the clouds, the seas and the skies and everything in between, behind and beyond.

He is thinking hard about the proper way to express his thoughts, but nothing clever comes to his mind - the bitter tasting fluid in his throat makes his brain foggy and his beautiful thoughts remain locked away somewhere in his heart.

Meanwhile, she straightens herself, grabs the clay and buries her index and middle finger into the jar, spreading a generous amount of the cold substance on the crimson scars. It feels wonderful, but he is intoxicated and his lyric thoughts are soon replaced by his carnal wants.

Suddenly he is very well-aware of the fact that she is close to him and he is underdressed and even though she warned him not to move his hands, he can't resist the urge to place a damp palm on her curvy hip. She lifts up a finger that's covered with the white clay to warn him. "Hiccup, put your hand back. It won't do its job if you wiggle around."

He pouts and reluctantly puts his hand back. She smiles at his adorably disappointed face and grabs a piece of linen to wipe her

fingers. "Okay, I'm done. And now you have to remain still for roughly 20 minutes, until the clay dries."

"Mhm," he mumbles, feeling that his strength is slowly slipping away.

"I'll be here, watching you."

"Mhm... This feels really good, though."

"The clay?"

He lazily shakes his head and she almost warns him not to move. "Nope, I meant your hand."

She turns her head only to notice that her right hand is resting on his thigh, awfully close to his most intimate part that is only covered by his thin underwear. She quickly takes her hand away as if it was burnt on a hot surface and he makes a frustrated grunt. "Nah... Put it back, please."

She hesitates for a moment then she gently strokes his thigh with the tip of her fingers before placing her warm palm back. There's something very cute in the way he looks at her with bleary eyes.

"Erm... little to the right, please?" She looks back at her hand and it's obvious that no matter how little is 'little to the right', her fingers will brush his sex. It's not that she hasn't touched it before, but...

But? There shouldn't be a 'but' in their relationship, not anymore, she thinks quickly and she carefully places her hand on his crotch. She presses it and smiles when it starts to grow and harden under her fingers and he lets out a relieved sigh.

While she is working on him a heat of redness sweeps across her face as she remembers how Ruffnut tried to question her whether her boyfriend's pants hid a splinter or a beam. She shakes her head, it's neither.

It's a part of him, a piece of his flesh, a bit still foreign, but equally loved like the rest of him. It's something he keeps for her (or on occasions, she assumes, to his fantasies about her) and only her and it makes it treasured. Not to mention what he is capable of doing with it. Well, it's quite obvious that now he is not capable of doing anything with it, but she doesn't mind making him feel good. "really good, judging by his muffled moans of pleasure."

She turns her head away from his face and frees him from his underwear. His groans deepen when her fingers touch him again - this time without the boundaries of clothes.

She feels cheeky and brave enough to lean closer to make some further inspections. Of course, she knows the look, the touch and even the taste of his sex, but it has never happened before that he exposed himself so fully to her in broad daylight.

She knows that he is half-drugged and half-asleep, but she enjoys the view unfolding in front of her eyes. First, she notices how thick it

looks in the embrace of her delicate fingers. Then she takes account of the thin, almost transparent skin that covers his hardness. There are little veins under it, throbbing because of her touch and she enjoys how every time she moves her hand downwards, the little hood comes off, revealing the purple mushroom head that now is weeping the tears of his pleasures.

She reaches over with her free hand and swipes the moisture off then lifts her hand up to examine her glistening palm. More tears ooze out from his tip and she decides to spread it on his eager flesh, earning herself a series of pants and grunts from him.

He is undoubtedly likes everything she does and it fills her heart with joy.

"Ahâ€¦ the fireworks," he mumbles in his trance while his teeth sink into his lower lip.

"Fireworks?" She asks quirking an eyebrow.

"Mhmmmmâ€¦ fireworksâ€¦ comingâ€¦ soon."

She almost laughs up when she comprehends his words.

"So-so-so sorry."

She giggles. "It's okay, babyâ€¦ I know how you _work_."

He doesn't answer, but his body starts to stiffen and she quickly reaches for a clean linen cloth. She honestly enjoys the shenanigans with him, but she also doesn't want to spend the rest of his afternoon cleaning his _stuff_ from the ceilingâ€¦

She places the fabric close enough to be able to catch his release safely and she smiles again as she starts to pump him a little harder and faster.

She looks at his face. He scrunches his nose and quickly breathes through his teeth while his hands fist the furs above his head. His body arches and his muscles become tense and his lips curl to hiss a silent "fuck" into the heavy air around him.

He comes hard. She presses the linen to his member and feels how it warms up under her fingers and she pumps him slower, almost lazily, while the last drop of satisfaction leaves him.

He soon starts to soften in her hand and she gently cleans him with the cloth. When she is done, with a cheeky smirk on her face, she ducks down her head and places a quiet little kiss on his tip.

But he doesn't say anything anymore; he is peacefully slumbering with a tiny grin on the corner of his mouth.

She wraps clean linen around the messy one and packs it away then she moves closer to his chest and starts to scrape off the dried clay with careful moves.

The wounds are already healing nicely.

29. Waves

****Aquatic animalistic fucking. You were warned.****

She had the audacity to laugh at him again. She was lying in front of him, sprawled out in the warm, wet sand, shaking with the joy of schadenfreude. She pressed two palms to her firm stomach as if she was afraid that her questionable delights would tear her apart, and when her giggles finally died away, she pulled her bare legs up, bending each knee for better leverage while she sat up to face him.

"Very funny," he said with an annoyed bitterness in his voice while trying to get rid of the stubborn sea kelp that got tangled in his damp hair.

"It is, indeed!" She confirmed with a titter and crawled closer to him to help him get rid of the slick plants. He had to admit that he was annoyed, because throwing nasty things at each other wasn't exactly what he had had in mind when he asked her out to spend the night at the remote beach. At least her breasts were now in line with his eyes as she kneeled up to comb his hair with her slender fingers and the closeness of the barely covered mounds served as compensation for all the mockery he had to suffer in the past half hour.

"But, hey, it does look good on you, it matches with the color of your eyes."

Laugh burst out of her once again, and this time he knew he wouldn't let her get away easily. Both of his hands disappeared in the shallow saltwater around them and he secretly grabbed two handfuls of muddy sand.

He took her by surprise when he lifted his hands up, slapping sand on the top of her chest, cheekily spreading it further below, where her wet bindings covered her cold tits.

A jolt of pleasure ran through both of their bodies when for a fraction of a second his hands touched her protruding nipples, but he didn't dare to keep his fingers there, and fearing her imminent revenge, he tried to crawl away.

A moment later, it turned out that there was nothing to be afraid of; she stood up, laughing, and casually walked towards deeper waters to clean herself. He enjoyed the view with an open mouth, but wordlessly. When she was finished, she started to walk towards him and the way her hips swayed with every step she made, left him breathless.

She smiled at him with all the confidence of a born sea goddess and when she reached him, she casually sat on his lap, grinding on his half-grown hardness with an unconcealed certainty. He reached up behind her, ghosting along her spine until he reached her shoulder blades where his hands rested before he started to bring her closer to quench his thirst for her with a kiss.

She laughed up again and pushed him hard on the chest, causing him to lose balance and end up in the slimy mud with a sudden splash. He didn't let her win. He grabbed her wrists and pulled her on top of him then he bucked his hips to make her flip over and finally, he was

the one laughing at her as he pinned her down.

The unexpected flow of events took her by surprise, so she didn't move, just panted quietly while he was towering over her with a triumphant smile. Still holding her tight, he ducked his head down and stole a kiss from her, then straightened himself and just looked at the girl under him with adoring eyes. She returned his gaze and leaned down to her once again, this time with a much slower motion. He pressed his mouth to hers, enjoying the feel of her velvety lips, then his tongue begged for entrance, which it was granted, and as their kiss deepened, his fingers came off from her wrists and cupped her face.

Then they lazily slid down to her neck and light tips caressed her from jawline to collarbone and back. She tilted her head and nipped at his lower lip, occasionally biting it a little harder, making him sigh with muffled moans. His hands became braver and landed on her breasts, kneading and squeezing them before his eager fingers found and untied the knot that was holding her bindings together.

Without breaking their kiss, he managed to unwrap her from the unnecessary piece of clothing and he quickly threw it away somewhere far from the greedy waves of the sea.

He left her mouth and started to lick her, first between her freed breasts, enjoying the sweet taste of her skin mixed with the salty water. She took a sharp breath when he finally latched to her left nipple, sucking it quite forcefully, while he rubbed the right with his thumb. He switched breasts, he licked the right one now with long tongue strokes while he pinched the left with his thumb and index finger, twisting it until she moaned into the night.

His tongue was still busy with her right nipple when his hands slipped down to free her and himself from their underwears, throwing them away, too. Soon it was just skin under his skin, warmth and wetness. His cock was poking at her entrance and he was still occupied with her tits when she laced wet fingers around him and started to rub her clit with the tip of his hardness while pumping him in a tight grip.

He had to pull away from her a little to look into her eyes. She was still simultaneously pleasuring both of them and looked at him flirtatiously through the shade of her long eyelashes.

An honest "I love you, Astrid," tore up from his throat and he looked down between them, shivering at the sight of their swollen, throbbing sexes in contact.

She reached up for his shoulder with her free hand and brought him down.

"Fuck me as hard as you can," she whispered and this single sentence almost killed him. He nodded and placed a small peck on the corner of her mouth, then gently removed her hand from his penis. He crawled down a little and slid his arms under the crooks of her knees, lifting her legs up before spearing her with one swift move.

The waves swallowed her scream, but he heard it clearly, and it made his body boil with a ravenous lust he hadn't felt ever before. His hips were moving fast and he speared her again and again, making her

squeak one second and growl another. He was breathless while he was watching himself fully disappear in her then re-appear again, glistening with her juices.

He lift her legs further up and placed them on his shoulders then pressed his chest to hers while she crossed her feet at the nape of his neck. He leaned closer to her neck and started to lick her, occasionally grazing the sensitive skin with his teeth, while still fucking her as if there was no tomorrow.

It wasn't a dream come true, it was a lot more, for he had never had the courage to imagine having sex with her in such an explicit way.

He started to suck on her pulse point and removed his hands from her legs, slipping them under her butt. He squeezed her buttocks hard and scratched them with his nails while still pumping her, making her tremble under him like a dry leaf in the wind. He left his right hand under her ass to keep her in place and slid the other between them where their sexes were joined. When his fingers were moist enough, they snaked between her butt cheeks and after drawing a couple of small circles around her forbiddenness, he buried his index finger inside her.

Another raspy cry left her mouth and he smiled into her neck - she was most definitely enjoying his actions as much as he did. He kept on fingering and fucking her and soon she begged for one more finger and more fuck, which almost made him come, but he managed to keep himself together and continued to give her the utmost pleasures.

Then her orgasm started. First her feet started to feel stiff around his neck, then she clenched around his cock so hard that it was almost painful. She turned towards him, searching for his mouth and there was a sharp contrast between the tender kiss they shared and their rough contact between their legs.

There was no point in holding back anymore, so he removed his fingers from her and again, fondled her ass with two hands. He slowed his movements and she dug into his back with sharp nails, ploughing deep red lines into his skin.

They both started to come. It was unhurried but hard, less rough, more sweet and their loving kisses swallowed their muffled moans.

They collapsed in each other's arms.

"Huh. That was something," stated Astrid a little later while she was drawing lazy lines with her fingers into his scalp.

He smiled into the crook of her neck. Then grabbed a handful of wet sand and spread it on her bare stomach.

30. Mated

I received so many nice reviews in the past few weeks that I felt obliged to write some fluff. 3 (16-year-old Hiccup asks for relationship advice. From his dragon.)

The myriads of stars and the vast sky felt like a giant blanket over his head. It was a rare, quiet moment, away from the always busy village and the ignorantly loud Vikings.

It was also a sensitive time of the year, the first year anniversary of finding his reptile companion, who was currently peacefully half-slumbering under him. For granted, the circumstances of their meeting were a bit disgraceful, but they soon found out that they weren't meant to be sworn enemies, but close friends.

While his dragon was taking a rest, he was lazily lying atop him in a not exactly comfortable, but rather comforting position. He was far too tired to climb off him once they had landed on the distant cliff after hours and hours of flying.

Even though Hiccup's body was worn out, his mind was very active. He was thinking about the past year, of all the things that have changed, and a rarely felt wave of genuine pride swept through him once he realized that for the first time in his life everything has changed for the better.

Of course, there were things he could live without, like his dad's constant nagging about an aspiring chief's duties, but it was nice to know that he was actually discussing things with him now instead of giving direct orders. Yes, Hiccup felt that after the unlikely turn of events, he became a respected member of the community and he had to admit that he didn't mind it at all.

But of course, there was one person, whose opinion mattered the most...

"Are you awake bud?" he asked, quietly since his mouth was pretty close to the sensitive ear of the dragon. Toothless's answer was a tired groan.

"Sorry, I just wanted to ask you a question... so... what do you think of Astrid?"

The dragon hesitated for a moment, not because he didn't have an answer to this question, but because he couldn't understand his rider's intentions. Eh, humans were weird sometimes, they did strange things and asked unnecessary questions...

But then again, he really liked Astrid. After the first few awkwardly frightening moments, they soon started to like each other. She was always kind to him. She patted his head or playfully scratched the ticklish spots on his neck and she often treated him with fresh fish.

So Toothless's answer to Astrid was a gentle coo and a happy whistle.

Hiccup giggled, then sit up on his dragon's back and slid down. He stood up and walked in front of him to be able to Toothless.

"Yeah, I like her too," he said with a huge smirk on his face while he sat down on the tepid grass. The dragon didn't exactly understand the nature of their relationship, but he knew that his rider was quite fond of the blonde girl.

"Listen, I... it's been a year ago since you know... we sort of kidnapped her... yeah, funny story..." He stopped for a moment and Toothless could feel that Hiccup was a bit embarrassed. "Well, but you know, in the long run, I think that was just the wretched beginning of a major... success."

The dragon gave him a quizzical look, his babbling about Astrid was nothing but puzzling.

Hiccup took a deep breath. "Anyways, I was thinking about taking her for a ride tomorrow night. You know, for old times' sake... If it's alright with youâ€|"

The dragon nodded cheerfully, but he also noticed that the skin tone of his rider became a shade darker.

"And... there's another thing, I... I might ask her to be my... erm... _girlfriend_."

The dragon didn't understand the last word. It was clear that Hiccup wanted to ask Astrid something important, but Toothless had no clue about the nature of the question, so he looked confused once again and made a curious groan.

"What's a girlfriend? Oh... well, it's... I don't exactly know how to explain it..." He was definitely nervous about this whole 'girlfriend' thing and Toothless lifted his head worriedly. He hoped it didn't mean that he distrusted her or wanted to unfriend her.

"I want her to be my... uh... _mate_," he said finally, stressing the last word in a strange manner.

Toothless cooed again. He liked the idea. Then he imitated the mating sound of the Nadders and Hiccup immediately blushed.

"Oh, no, no, no, I don't want to mate _with_ her..." He paused for a moment, because the sweaty memories of some very inappropriate dreams suddenly hit him. "I mean... at some point... like yeah... years from now, there's the possibility that we might, but... oh, bud, this is so awkward..."

The dragon cut him off with a laugh.

"Yeah, thanks for finding my embarrassment amusing," Hiccup commented bitterly.

Toothless still giggled while he leaned closer to Hiccup and gently poked his chin with his nose.

"I know... we press our faces together sometimes, that's part of this whole _girlmate_ _thingy_..."

Hiccup could have sworn his dragon's wide smile was a form of approval, so he smiled too. He knew it was going to be the hardest question of his life, but as of now, everything felt so perfect.

"Laugh all you want, dragon, but pressing our faces together is like flying to the Moon and back."

He said finally in a cheerful manner, and stuck his tongue out mockingly when he noticed the jealous look in Toothless's eyes.

XXX

Everything went unusually smoothly. He didn't stutter when he asked her out, the words fell easily from his mouth. Their whole conversation was casual and friendly. What's more, she actually smiled at him when he mentioned the anniversary. And now there they were, on the lonely cliff in the warm grass, lying on their backs, their shoulders only a couple inches apart.

The setting was perfect and Hiccup really wanted to ask the question, he just didn't know how to start, so he just looked at the stars above them, nervously chewing on his lower lip.

Astrid, too, was gazing at the stars with a content smile on her face. She thought she knew what this whole fuss was about...

"Yes," she said suddenly, breaking their silence.

Hiccup turned his head. Her cheek was only an inch away from his nose.

"Come again?"

"I said 'yes'."

"Yes to what? I didn't say a word..." He was super anxious. Firstly, because he didn't understand her, secondly because she was so close to him that he actually felt the heat radiating from her skin.

"But you wanted to..." She turned her head too, and the tips of their noses touched. He had to pull back, it was too much.

"I-I don't under..." he started to mumble but stopped when her slender fingers laced around his.

"You wanted to ask me whether I wanted to be your girlfriend."

Hiccup gulped hard, she smiled. Her grip tightened around his fingers.

"But how did you know?" He sat up, carefully enough not to break the bond between them.

"You asked me out."

"Because I know you love flying with Toothless."

"You brought me a cake."

"But... you love cakes."

"You brought me here."

"Because I knew you would love the view."

"You see?" She asked gently while she locked gazes with him. "You do everything to make me like you."

He looked away into the distance. He never thought that his intentions were that transparent, she saw right through him. It was beyond awkwardâ€¦

"You know, Hiccup, you don't have to do these things..."

"I know," he said and his voice cracked with emotion.

She giggled. "You don't have to do these things, because I already like you."

He looked at her in disbelief and she continued. "Yes. I like you enough to be your girlfriend."

He was petrified for a moment but then she tugged at his hand. "Do I need to write a petition to make you kiss me?"

He never hesitated this time. In a blink of an eye he ducked his head down and his lips crushed hers.

Somewhere in the distance Toothless chortled with glee.

Hiccup broke the kiss. "Ah, shut up, you stupid dragon."

Then he went back for her mouth.

31. Smudged

****Fulfilling another tumblr request.****

She didn't protest, not for a moment, when he took her hand and sneaked her out from the Meade Hall. They both hoped that no one would notice their short but suspicious absence and there was a good chance to that since everybody was busy getting drunk after another successfully conducted dragon race. They weren't exactly sober either and the short road to the abandoned barn was filled with careless giggles and eager touches.

"You shouldn't have let me win," she said with a huge mead-fueled smirk on her face once they were inside. She ran up two curious hands from his hips to his chest and he dug his fingers into her waist, pulling her closer.

"I wanted you to win, m'lady," he rasped and tried to kiss her, but she tilted her head teasingly, so he kissed the air between them instead of her lips. He pouted and it made her smile again.

"Don't worry, babe, I don't care. Winning is winning."

This time she initiated the kiss and he gladly welcomed her mouth. He held her close while he was gently stroking her back, fondling her ass, massaging the nape of her neck. He wanted to touch her everywhere at once.

"You look too sexy in your race paint," he whispered when they parted

and he drew invisible curves with his nose along the azure lines on her face. She snickered, it was ticklish, playful and cute, but below their waistlines some less innocent things were forming... He bucked his hip forward, so she could feel just how much he was attracted to her and she shivered and responded with a lusty moan.

"You have such a noble heart, Hiccup," she breathed in a heavy, sultry tone.

He shrugged and flashed a lopsided smile while his hands slid down to her ass once again.

"You deserve a reward for your good deeds," she continued suggestively, but to his momentary disappointment, she reached for his hands and took them off from her butt.

And then she suddenly dropped on her knees in front of him and nuzzled the front of his protruding pants. The unforeseen friction broke a deep sigh from him.

"Astrid, oh... wow," was all he could say when her fingers quickly unbuckled his belt and swiftly pulled off his pants to his knees. He knew where she was going with it and even the thought of it made him dizzy.

"You know, it wasn't a big deal and you... aaaah..." He couldn't finish his sentence, because she carefully pulled off his underpants too, freeing his hot, burning member. She lowered her head and tilted it while lifting his balls with light fingers. He let out a muffled groan when she started to lick the sensitive skin under the testicles and hissed when she went further and swallowed them and stroked them with her tongue inside her mouth.

This was something new and he praised her for her innovativeness while she sucked on them and occasionally gingerly grazed the delicate skin of his sack with her teeth.

"This is... ah... ah-strid...I think... huh... gods... I'm dying..." He whimpered when she moved her fingers and laced them around his throbbing cock. He felt her smile when she kissed the tip of it and somehow it felt amazingly exciting that she took pleasure in pleasuring him. She licked the salty pre-cum off the head and with wobbly fingers he cupped her face while she started to swallow him, inch by inch, stroking him all the way down with her tongue.

He looked down at her and was close to fainting when he saw her head bobbing up and down while his damp fingertips were caressing her face, smudging the blue paint.

It didn't took him long, he didn't fight it. The tip of his cock brushed her smooth palate and it was enough to trigger the blissful end. He gritted his teeth while coming into her mouth and she managed to swallow the whole load, which was one of her many hidden talents that only him and her knew about. She sucked on him a little longer, making sure that not one drop of his nectar gets wasted, then kissed goodbye to his now half-mast while he was panting above her.

He collapsed on the floor next to her and collected her in his arms, kissing her like there was no tomorrow, tasting his own bitterness on her lips.

"Babe... I'll always let you win," he murmured into her mouth.

XXX

Before they went back to the Hall, they helped each other wipe off the paint from their faces. They still hoped that their disappearance went unnoticed, because they weren't in the mood for explaining themselves. Everybody was so eager to tease them about their budding romance and it often irritated Hiccup, because it wasn't just about him, it was about Astrid as well. Yet the passion they felt for each other often made them reckless, like now, and he knew they had to face the consequences...

The gang cheered when they spotted Astrid, the current champion, and he let her go to them while he went to grab a tankard of ale. He noticed that Gobber was sitting alone at a table and decided that he was a better company for now than their nosy peers.

He sat down to a sturdy chair and greeted the blacksmith with a smile.

"Had a little private celebration with the lass?" He asked and Hiccup's happy face quickly turned into a frown.

"Gobber, please... not you too. We just went to wash our faces."

"Okay," shrugged the older man and took a huge gulp from his ale.

"Why does everybody automatically think that we do things? Yes, I like her and as far as I know she likes me too, but it doesn't mean that we do all those filthy deeds that people assume."

Gobber didn't comment on his rant, yet he felt the urge to continue. "I respect her and her reputation and I think decency is highly..."

Gobber cleared his throat. "Sorry to interrupt ye lad, but all this mumbo jumbo about yer "innocent" feelings for her would be much more convincing if you had changed yer pants."

Hiccup froze. The blacksmith emptied his tankard and wiped off the left over foam from his mustache.

"All the bests, son," he said before standing up and leaving him.

When he was alone, Hiccup nervously looked down. The front of his pants was covered in smudged, blue paint.

32. Father's Day Special

Just some teeny weeny fluff.

Â§Â§Â§

"I can't believe it's been three yearsâ€¦" he murmured with a heavy heart while looking at his dad's statue. It was as imposing as Stoick had been in real life, but time had already taken its toll: patches of green moss grew all over the grey stone.

Astrid stepped closer to him and hugged his waist from behind.

"He would be very proud of you."

"I know, but stillâ€¦"

They stood there in silence for a few minutes. Then suddenly Astrid jumped and let out a sharp cry.

"Oh, what's wrong babe? Did I step on your toes again with my prosthetic? Gods, I'm so unbelievably clumsyâ€¦"

"No, no, no, I'm okay, I justâ€¦" She scrunched her nose as if something weird had happened. "Just give me your hand, Hiccup."

He didn't understand her, but he held out his left hand. She grabbed his wrist and with her other hand she lifted her tunic. Oh. Hiccup blushed.

"Don't get me wrong, honey, but I think it would be a bit inappropriate toâ€¦"

"Oh, you are an idiot!"

His palm touched the warm, smooth skin of her belly. He started to stroke her.

"No, no, stop! Just feel it."

He stopped and waited. Then he felt something strange that felt like a poke. And then another one. And another one.

"Astrid, do you have the hiccups?"

She rolled her eyes. Sweet Freyaâ€¦

"It's the baby, dumbdumb. He is kicking you."

"Ohâ€¦" He sounded surprised then he felt a series of pokes again. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he was smiling and even giggling. This was the most amazing feeling apart from theâ€¦ yeah, the one that was responsible for the baby.

Astrid shook her head and rolled her eyes again, but found her smirking, gap-toothed husband adorable.

She crossed her arms behind his neck and pulled him down for a tender kiss.

"Happy Father's Day, daddy Haddock," she whispered.

33. Revenge

"No, no, no, it's so not okay", he thinks when he looks back at her

again, and her eyes are still shamelessly fixed on his crotch. And then the tip of her tongue appears in the corner of her mouth and she licks her lips before rubbing them together.

He knows what she is thinking about; on one hand, it's very flattering, but on the otherâ€¦ it's highly inappropriate. She shouldn't behave like that when he is trying to make a serious speech in front of a hall full of people...

His eyes would really like to linger on her suggestive lips, but he has to tear his gaze away from her before he says something awkward to his people, the ones he is supposed to chief..

He coughs a few times into his fist before continuing the orientation. "Where was I? Oh, yeah. So, the plan is to build a hatchery on Mildew's old cabbage farm. It's a nice, sunny place and it's relatively far from the busy spots of the island. The idea is to keep the dragons in Berk while they lay their eggs..."

He can't help it, his eyes wandered back to his wife. She is still standing next to a pillar, fixing him with those outrageously blue eyes of hers. Luckily, her pretty pink tongue is back in her mouth, but now her arms are crossed under her breasts... and she looks gorgeous. And she knows it. She is the only one who knows why his husband has to stop again and gasp for air midspeech.

"The idea is...?" Spitelouts deep voice interrupts the wave of improper thoughts rippling through his mind.

"Oh, yeah, right, the idea... So the idea is that the dragons can lay their eggs in Berk, instead of some remote island, and it would be safer for them and easier for us to keep an eye on them. I would like to ask all able men, carpenters, masons and riders, to go to the farm. Fishlegs is already waiting there for us with the blueprints. Thanks."

He finishes his speech and the crowd starts to buzz around him. He is planning on leaving soon, but he wants to have a word with Astrid. She is still leaning to the pillar and when she flashes her seductive smile, he knows that she did everything on purpose...

He tenderly pulls her close, not wanting anyone else to hear what he has to say.

"Aastrid, you cannot behave like that in public," he murmurs with a hint of concern, while gently rocking her in his arms.

"I'm sorry, babe, I just... I really need to... I crave you. Ungh, I know, it's terrible."

Hiccup cups her face and smiles at her. "That's awesome, but you know that we can't do that now..."

"Non-sense, I only need ten minutes... please... let's just sneak into the closet when they are all gone..."

He cuts her off with a tiny kiss. "Astrid, we can't... I have to go and..."

She pouts and it isn't fair game, because she knows it all too well

that her husband finds her sad face irresistible...

But this time he shakes his head. "No, I really can't. I'm always late, because you... because we do things and it's a little embarrassing that I'm making them..."

He notices that her eyes start to glisten with tears and she is so damn cute when she is sensitive, like a little girl whose doll was taken away, but still, he has to be strong.

He strokes her swollen stomach. "I know the baby is driving you crazy."

She sighs deep, it is true. She craves sex every day, every hour, every minute and when they're actually having sex, she is already thinking about next time. It's crazy, it's tiresome, but she can't fight it. Now all she can think about is hiding in the closet and closing her thirsty mouth around him.

She laces her hands around his neck and pulls him closer. "I'm so pathetic," she sighs weakly, half-defeated.

"No, no, no, no. Look, it's not that I don't want you, I always want you, and you should know that..."

She sniffs. He draws her close again. "Hey, as I recall, we had some fun this morning on the kitchen table..."

She sniffs again, trying to suppress a sob. "That was a long time ago..."

"And we can have some more fun in the afternoon."

Sniff. Sniff. Sniff. Damn, her face is sooo adorable, he has to pepper it with kisses. "I promise -kiss- This-afternoon -kiss- Wherever you -kiss- want it -kiss-."

A tiny smile widens her lips, the little pecks are ticklish.

"O-kay," she surrenders, but her voice cracks. She clears her throat. "Go. Your people are waiting."

He steals one more kiss and strokes the little lump. "I love you, wife. And you too, tiny baby."

"I love you, husband."

He leaves hastily, she sighs deeply.

Â§Â§Â§

When he returns home, late at night, he is absolutely sure that he won't find a complaisant wife, patiently waiting for him. When no one answers his "Honey, I'm home.", he hopes that she's asleep, because he has already learnt it the hard way that he shouldn't mess with his demanding, pregnant spouse.

He quietly sneaks upstairs, but when he carefully opens the bedroom door, he sees her sitting in their bed, giving him the evilest eyes.

Yes, he is definitely in trouble! He tries to smile, because it works. Sometimes. Apparently not today.

She doesn't say a word, but gets out from under the furs with an annoyed grunt - the growing lump on her belly makes it harder to move every day.

He wants to explain himself, but she holds a finger up to quiet him. Even her slender index finger looks angry. She strides up to him and pokes his chest.

"Pull down your pants to your knees." It's an order and he doesn't dare to disobey. He unbuckles his belt and does as he was told.

"That too," she points to his underwear now. He gulps and he is sure that he looks at least moderately frightened. He is also sure that behind her hard mask of cruelty, she is quite enjoying herself.

So be it. He pulls down his underpants. The cold air gives him the chills as he exposes himself and she shamelessly stares at his raw flesh.

"Lie on your back," she commands him again and there's something exciting in her rigidity. And in the fact that he is completely clueless about her intentions.

He lies down and waits. She slowly walks up to him and starts to cover him with the furs.

"You know," she starts while placing a pelt on his legs, "I'm really mad at you." She puts another one on his thighs. "And I really don't want to see you right now."

She grabs another, larger fur and covers his chest and arms. "I don't want to see your stupid face." She throws the last fur on his face. It tickles his nose, but he doesn't want to complain.

"But..." Her voice becomes somewhat muffled because of the fur on his face, but he can still clearly hear her words.

"But... I still have my needs." She climbs on the bed and waits.

The suspense is killing him, but then her warm fingers touch him. He tries to gasp for air, but it's not easy under the cover.

She starts to pump him. He wants resist her, because the intimate attack feels unfair, but his cock is a traitor and immediately hardens in her hand. He swears for himself, but he starts to enjoy whatever she is doing. Because he is at her mercy. And yeah, she really knows how to drive him mad!

She lets go of him and the cold air hits him again. There's some wiggling around him and he doesn't hear much, but he imagines her as she takes off her night tunic. He doesn't see her, but the memory of her naked body paints a clear picture in his head.

And then he can feel her warmth and weight. She climbs on top of him and leisurely descends, taking his full length inside her. He gasps for air again, but the stupid furs fill his mouth. He spits and

coughs. She giggles. And starts to move in her own comfortably slow rhythm.

It's a torture. He wants to lift his hands to grab her waist, but she pins him down.

"You stay where you are."

He doesn't move. She is riding him at her own pace, she pants heavily and yelps occasionally.

And then he feels that she touches herself. He can't breathe, but it's not because of the lack of air under the pelts. He is tired and all worked up and he has to bite his lip to hold back, because he knows he can't finish before her; it's not an option.

He feels that she is rubbing herself, because her fingers touch his overly sensitive skin too.

He wants to see it, oh boy, he really wants to watch, because he has never seen her doing it to herself. She knows it. She is playing a mean game and she does it in purpose, because she wants to steal that tiny piece of sanity he is still trying to hold onto.

She speeds up.

He whimpers under the furs, she screams on top of him. She is done. He is almost done. She is cruel, but luckily, not merciless. She generously keeps on riding him until he finishes with clenched teeth and fisted hands.

She doesn't say a word when she dismounts him. There is no movement for awhile. He shyly peeks out from under the furs.

She is peacefully sleeping next to him and she is all smiles.

He narrows his eyes. Then crawls closer to his slumbering vixen.

"Hah, never forget that two can play this game, babe," he whispers, "revenge will be sweet."

34. Race to the Edge Special

****WARNING: CONTAINS RACE TO THE EDGE SPOILERS****

§§§

He was actually quite happy that Heather turned up that evening. She was a fairly regular visitor at the Edge, dropping by every few months to get and give information and she was always warmly welcomed. This time it wasn't any different, except Hiccup was even more relieved that he wouldn't have to spend a lonely night by the campfire, watching out for a stray skrill that caused some havoc during the past few weeks.

Normally, Astrid sat with him, but... yeah, she was a tiny bit angry with him and decided to spend the night with three freshly hatched wild Nadders and Stormfly on a small island near by. And she had

every right to be mad at him, he knew that, but it still sucked.

Anyways, the night was a warm, quiet one and thankfully, the skrill didn't appear. He and Heather had a good talk after the rest of the gang had decided on going to bed and it was nice that he finally had a rest from the twins' absurd ideas, Snotlout's whining and Fishlegs' worries. He hardly ever had time to notice it, but they were exhausting. Of course, Astrid wasn't but she...

"So why is Astrid on another island?" Inquired Heather while she playfully poked the dying embers of the fire with a stick.

"Well, I guess she was interested in the hatchlings," he answered and Heather didn't have to look at him to know that he was blushing.

"Oh, come on, Hiccup... They are not nocturnal dragons, they won't even wiggle their tails in their sleep."

"Okay, well... I might have upsetted her a little," he admitted and sheepishly looked at the girl. "She is not the hugest fan of flight suit number four."

"I don't blame her for not wanting to see your skull crush on a rock."

"Nonsense! Flight suit number four is almost perfectly safe! It was completely my fault that I..." He pulled up his tunic from his left arm. It was badly bruised. Heather quirked an eyebrow. "Hey, but it didn't break..."

Heather shook her head. "Listen, Hiccup, she cares about you..."

"I know, it's just..."

"You wouldn't want to see her hurt. Or jumping off from 70 feet cliffs."

Hiccup didn't answer. He reached for a log and put it on the embers waiting for a new fire's birth.

"Hey, it's alright, you care about her too..."

"I know."

"I don't want to sound nosy, but... why don't you do something about it?"

He gulped. It was a question he often asked himself. "I... I think I don't know how to address it."

His choice of words put a smile on Heather's face. She put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "How about the element of surprise?"

Â§Â§Â§

Astrid came back the next afternoon and she was sorry to learn that she had missed Heather. But other than that, she seemed okay, she

wasn't angry anymore. A few days later Hiccup decided on trying his luck, risking another lengthy argument with her about responsibilities and adult behavior, but... flight suit number five had turned out to be a masterpiece. Or so he thought. And since the others had gone back to Berk for food supplies, he had no one else to ask to witness his solo flight.

Well, she wasn't exactly happy when he told her about the new flight suit, but she wasn't mad either and it was a good sign.

They flew up to the cliff with Toothless and Stormfly and she watched patiently while he put on the new suit.

"Aaand, look, this time I made leather wings. They are a lot sturdier, I'm sure the wind won't tear them apart this time. I think I'm in for a smooth, lengthy glide," he explained while flaunting in front of her. She seemed a lot less enthusiastic.

"Whatever, Hiccup. Just be safe."

He looked at her, she seemed a bit tense. Then he thought about the talk with Heather. The element of surprise...

He stepped close to her then grabbed her belt and pulled her to his chest. Their lips crashed. He kissed her and there was nothing innocent or shy about it. It was hot and serious, probably even a bit cheeky... It only lasted three seconds then he let go of her, flashed a gap-toothed smile then turned around and ran for the cliffs, jumping into the deep with a happy "Yeehaw!".

She didn't look down after him, but she felt relieved when she heard his further cries of joy. Toothless on the other hand was eagerly watching him and at some point he rolled his eyes and took off to catch him. Astrid didn't wait for their return. She whistled to Stormfly and flew away other direction.

§§§

He hadn't seen him the whole afternoon and he started to think that his favorite tactic had probably failed him this time. Then he heard the sounds coming from the stables and he decided on going in - he was about to clean Toothless anyways. She was their, brushing Stormfly's teeth with a giant brush.

"Good evening, stable girl," he said gently when he entered. She didn't seem agitated, that was a good sign...

"Hi guys," she answered, but she didn't stop the brushing.

"Erm... Astrid..." started Hiccup, but at this point he wasn't sure how to continue. She turned to him, stuck the handle of the brush into the rough floor and casually leaned on it, waiting for him to finish.

"I was wondering whether you aaand Stormfly would like to join us for a night flight."

Her expression was unreadable, it made him feel a little embarrassed. "I... I mean you don't have to if you..."

She straightened herself. "I hope you didn't spend your afternoon with sewing a flourescent suit for night jumps."

"Whaaat? No. I promise I won't jump. I know you are not okay with that." Huh. A flourescent flight suit actually sounded amazing...

"Okay," she said simply and grabbed the brush with one hand and Stormfly's halter with the other. "See you in half then?"

"Mhm. Sounds good."

She started going out, but stopped at the door and turned back.

"Hiccup?"

"Hmm?"

"About the _other_ thing..."

'Oh, boy... ' he thought while his cheeks became hotter than a Nightmare on fire.

"_That_ I was quiet okay with..."

35. Budding 1

****I think there isn't enough RTTE smut in this fandom...****

Â§Â§Â§

****HIM****

When they were little, he thought she was cute.

She gritted her teeth like an angry Gronckle while they were fighting and her hair looked like a messy haystack.

When they were teenagers, he thought she was pretty.

Her smile was a rare treasure and her hair was like the sun and the sand.

After they had moved to the Edge, he soon found her insanely irresistible.

He didn't know when it started, but she started to pop into his mind at very inconvenient times.

Like now, when he was alone in his hut, facing a dark corner, doing something he wasn't proud of.

He had only recently discovered that it felt better while he was thinking about _her_.

Her lips.

The curve of her neck.

Her perky breastsâ€|

Oh, fuckfuckfuckâ€|

He was done, done, done, doneâ€|

He is going to be short with her tomorrow.

He will barely greet her at breakfast and she won't understand.

It will disturb her in the morning the way she disturbs him at night.

It's a vicious circle.

He should apologize for thinking about her flesh while squeezing his own.

It's disrespectful, she is his friend.

She is his best friend.

She is the best.

Sheâ€|

She doesn't deserve it. _Him._ Him and his despicable thoughts.

Fuck. It was so much easier beforeâ€|

Â§Â§Â§

****HER****

She was lying in bed, trying to sleep, but dreams didn't come easy that night.

She was absentmindedly ghosting with her left index finger just above the neck of her nightgown. It felt good.

Then she slowly drew a line with her finger straight to her nipple and started to make small circles. It felt even better.

She felt how it pebbled under the crispy fabric. She licked her lip and put her right hand on her thigh, slipping it under the hem of the nightgown.

She knew what she was about to do, it wasn't the first time.

Butâ€| it was the first time she was thinking about him.

A few hours ago she knocked on his door and he opened it. Shirtless. As if it was natural. It wasn't. It shouldn't have been, because where was that timid, blushing boy with the dent in his chest?

She reached higher up and placed her hand on her womanhood.

The boy was nowhere, he had shapeshifted into this gorgeous young man with the broad shoulders and the well-defined muscles.

She raked through her pubes a couple of times; it felt ticklish, but good ticklish.

He had chest hair - not too much, not too little.

She slipped a finger between her folds. It felt warm and moist. With her left hand, she grabbed her boob and started to massage it.

_And those abs he hadâ€¦| _

She pressed her finger to the sensitive nub and took a deep breath before she started to move it languidly.

She noticed the small trail of auburn hair that led from his navel to the unthinkableâ€¦|

She sped up.

He was smiling at her, all gap-toothed and charmingâ€¦|

Yes! She was almost there. Her grip tightened around her breast and her body arched while she feverishly worked on herself.

Ungh. Ah. Uh. Uuhhhhhâ€¦|

She imagined him biting into her shoulder while his fingers did what hers were doing now.

"Hiccâ€¦|"

No, she could not say his name. He was just a sweet, unassuming friendâ€¦|

He on top of her, hand between her legs, fingers searching. Finding. Doing. Faster. Faster. Faster.

Done.

Her core was throbbing, her heart was racing, it was almost painful. She lifted her hands, one from under her gown, the other from over her breast and casually put them on her stomach. She was still panting lightly.

Fuck. Tomorrow. She has to face him tomorrow.

She was sure she wouldn't be able to look into his eyes.

Or talk to him.

Or probably be in the same room with him again.

Huh.

Maintaining their friendship was certainly harder than she thoughtâ€¦|

36. Budding 2

****HER****

She feels sorry for him.

It's a hundred degrees in his hut; the hearth is piled with burning wood and he is covered with the thickest pelts, yet he is still shivering and his teeth are constantly chattering.

He is groggy with fever and the herbs she brewed for him haven't done their job yet. She wants to help him, but she is out of ideas. His hair is a damp mess and his forehead glistens with sweat.

She sighs and kicks off her boots. Peels off her skirt. Climbs under the furs.

His skin is hot and sticky, but a pleasantly surprised moan leaves his lips when she presses against him.

"Mmm, this feelsâ€¦ finally warm."

His chapped lips scratch the thin skin of her neck while he talks. A weak arm crawls up her waist and rests on her ribcage.

"Don't talk. You need to sleep."

"Mmm. I justâ€¦ I just wanted to tell you how thankful I am."

He has to fight for every word he says, but he needs to say them, she needs to knowâ€¦

"It's okay, you are ill."

"No, I mean you are always there for meâ€¦"

She is quiet for a moment.

"I'm your friendâ€¦"

He giggles and puffs warm breathes on her skin. It feels odd, but good odd.

"My best friend."

"Something like that."

"My smartest friend."

A smile draws on her face.

"That's an easy title to win among a bunch of muttonheads."

"And you're also the prettiest."

Her face gets warm. Probably because of the heat. A simple fever-induced compliment shouldn't be meaningful. She is trying to come up with a witty retort, but she is getting tired, tooâ€¦

But she is saved - his breaths get even and deep when he quietly he

falls asleep.

She should leave, but she wants to stay.

They are glued together and it feels comforting. Calm. Cozy.

A few more minutes won't hurt.

He moves in his sleep, his hand unconsciously slides higher up.

His fingers touch her breast. She forgets to breathe for a second. She knows she should gently take his hand away, but she leaves it where it is.

He moves again and presses his damp nose into the crook of her neck.

His fingers move a little and her nipple hardens. She closes her eyes and mentally begs him to move his digits. To stroke her. To fondle her. To help with her arousal that is starting to get painful.

He stays still.

She twists her body a little. Finally his fingertips brush her at the right placeâ€|

She feels the slick wetness of her excitement between her legs. She is an awful being, a slave to her own vile desires.

She rubs her thighs together. It's wonderful and terrible at the same time. Now she is the one, who is suffering and he is the one sweetly sleeping, unconsciously driving her mad.

She shouldn't.

She pulls away from him to check his face. His eyes are closed and his face is peaceful.

She shouldn't.

She leans back to him, his lips move against her neck.

She mustâ€|

She opens her legs a little and slips her hand between, pressing it hard against her flaming core. She tries to move as little as possible, because if he wakes up and finds her like thisâ€|

Part of her wants him to wake up, the possibility of getting caught by him makes her even more excited.

She rubs herself, harder and faster, and she swallows a dozen moans.

His fingers move again at the very best moment and she sees a thousand bright stars behind her close eyelids while her orgasm wears off.

She waits until the throbbing ends and reaches for his hand and places it on her stomach; it will be safer there.

She is ashamed of herself.

She is a rubbish nurse and an even worse friend.

She is too tired to think about her vile weaknesses.

She doesn't notice when she falls asleep.

Â§Â§Â§

****HIM****

Something was wrong with her.

She was avoiding him at all costs and it didn't make any sense.

It's not that she wasn't co-operating, she was still helping him "run" the Edge to the best of her abilities (which of course meant way more help than he could have ever hoped for), but she was short with him.

She didn't seek him out like she used to and she always had excuses to avoid one-on-one time with him.

She disappeared. She ate alone. Her hut was always empty.

He didn't get it, he hadn't done anythingâ€¦

A week ago everything was good. Nay, better. The bestâ€¦

He woke up in the middle of the night, still exhausted from the fever, but she was there, next to him. It wasn't the first time they were dreaming close to each other - the pioneer life had its perks - but it was certainly the first time he woke up finding their limbs tangled together and the tip of their noses only a few inches apart.

He had time to secretly wonder at her beauty in the dim light. He had time to take note of the faint freckles on her face, to examine the perfect form of the shell of her ear, to enjoy the warmth of her breath on his skin.

He dozed off quarter of an hour later and when he woke up again, she was gone.

She left her sweet scent on his pelts, which lingered on the furs for a couple more days, making his forbidden fantasizing about her much more realistic.

But the distance between them started to grow as soon as her smell on his pillows began to fade.

He wanted to know what had happened.

He wanted to ask her about it to be able to make things right.

He missed her, he needed her.

It wasn't particularly late, but her hut was dark and so was the

outside world.

He new where she was. There was a clearing not very far, surrounded by wide-trunked trees - the perfect place for throwing the axe.

He walked there. Soon he heard her heavy grunts and the dull thumps of her axe cutting into the trees.

Then he saw her and didn't dare to go any closer, he stopped behind a thick bush only a few feet away.

She must have felt warm, because she barely had any clothes on. Her tunic was gone, she was only wearing her breast bindings.

Of course, he knew that girls wore those things, but he had never seen them with his own two curious eyes.

Hers seemed to be loose and thanks to the sharp light of the full Moon and her hard-earned sweat, they were also see-through.

He gasped for air.

Her breasts were larger and fuller than he had guessed in his filthier moments, and two little nipples pebbled through the fabric. She was resting now, panting through her teeth, wiping the sweat off from her cleavage.

He bit his lower lip.

He knew he shouldn't watch, it was very disrespectful. But she was so beautiful and he couldn't stop adoring her.

His pants started to feel tightâ€¦ His "thing" was very unreliable these days when she was around, causing him all sorts of troubles and uncomfortable moments.

He knew that he had to do something about his growing problem soon, but one more look at her amazing curves wouldn't hurtâ€¦

A few moments later he left, ears burning with shame and lips trembling with unuttered groans.

He hurried to his hut, shut the door and freed himself from the leather prison, almost tearing off the straps of his pants.

"Shitâ€¦ Astrid, you are sooo beautifulâ€¦ You are soâ€¦ soâ€¦ ahâ€¦"

He mumbled while he was almost furiously working on himself. It didn't take him long to finish and a second later, still dripping drops of pleasure, he looked dumbfounded at the mess he made on the floor.

Oh, fuckâ€¦ He had different plans for this night, he should have talked to her instead ofâ€¦

Oh, fuck, he will talk to her tomorrow, he misses her, he needs her, he wants herâ€¦

And oh, fuck, it's going to be awkward.

37. Budding 3

****THEM****

He would have kidnapped her again if he had to.

But luckily, after he gave a third (and undeniably very bold) tug to the sleeve of her tunic, she surrendered and sat behind him on Toothless.

She was tense, he could feel it, but the old magic trick worked once again; when they were up among the stars, her hug became less rigid and she pressed her cold nose to the back of his neck.

It both gave him the chills and some much needed confidence.

A little later they landed on the highest peak of a small island, and now they were lying on their backs, next to each other, on the tepid grass.

They didn't touch, but they were close.

They weren't brave enough to look at one another, not yet.

"So?" Her question was practically addressed to the stars above.

"I wanted to talk to you."

"Why?"

He breathed in and out a few times before pouring out the question that was so heavy on his heart.

"What are we, Astrid?"

"Friends?"

"Yeah, I hope, I justâ€¦ you are on my mind a lot, lately."

Her fingers that were stroking the velvety grass, stopped.

"If that helps, I think about you, too. After all, we spend most of our days together."

"No, I meanâ€¦"

He hesitated for a split second then turned his head to catch her profile. She didn't look back at him, but it was probably easier this way.

"I mean, I think about howâ€¦ how pretty you are."

He knew it was an understatement, and the quick, sharp memories of his indecencies were making his blood boil with shame and painted his face red.

"Oh."

There was a long pause, the passing minutes felt like growing years.

His heart was pounding hard in his ears, his eyes were still fixed on her moonlit face.

Hesitant digits reached for his hand and she clumsily laced their fingers together. He didn't dare to utter a sound.

"How does this feel?" She inquired.

"Perfectâ€¦ I mean it'sâ€¦"

She turned her head and he stopped talking.

"I like your looks, too."

"A-are you absolutely sure?"

A modest smile pulled the corners of her mouth up. She nodded in confirmation.

"You have a sweaty palmâ€¦"

He wanted to pull his hand away, but her grip tightened around him.

"It's okay, Hiccup. My fingers are trembling, we are even."

"We should practice thisâ€¦ sometimes."

Gods, he was saying outrageous things, but surprisingly, it seemed that she was okay with them. It gave him an unknown courageâ€¦

He slowly sat up, never letting go of her hand, pulling her up with him, until they were quietly facing each other again, this time in vertical position.

Heâ€¦

He never thought it would be so easy to finally kiss her; he just bowed his head and found her mouth.

It was slow at first, adorably sweet and innocent, but their repressed desires soon erupted like a geyser. Their hands parted, but only because they wanted to pull each other even closer.

Somewhere, behind them, Toothless curiously grunted.

Hiccup reached behind his back and motioned with his hand to quiet the dragon down, before placing his fingers back on Astrid's waist.

They were soon back on the ground, still glued together, trying to relieve their thirsts for each other.

He didn't want to end it. He wanted to have her sweet taste in his mouth for the rest of his life. He wanted them to stay on the warm grass for forever and a day with their hot, tangled limbs and their finally free hearts.

But his hands were almost uncontrollable now, grazing and groping, feeling and fondling, trying to rush things that shouldn't be hurried.

He forced himself to slow down, it was the hardest thing to leave her lipsâ€¦|

He lay down on his back again and pulled her close. She rested her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes.

It was a lot to take in for the both of them. (Not to mention the poor, confused dragon, who was still making his insecure, muffled noises a few feet away from them.)

She looked up at him, he looked down at her.

Her quietness was nothing but frightening, the flaming blue eyes dug into his soul.

He feared that she would end the thing that hadn't even begun yetâ€¦|

Butâ€¦|

She giggled.

"We nailed it!" She exclaimed proudly with a huge smirk on her face.

Sweet Freya, she was so amazing, so Astrid.

He had to kiss her again, there was no question about it.

When their lips melted, Toothless howled in the distance.

38. Budding 4

****Fair warning: contains mild RTTE2 spoilers****

****THEM****

No one has noticed how the recent unfortunate events took their toll on him.

No one, but she.

She saw how the darkness feasting on his gentle soul left its shadowy marks on his face; a combination of fear and fatigue was forming subtle wrinkles on his forehead. She noticed how his moves became slower - only slightly, of course, but it didn't escape her observant eyes.

She wanted to help. To comfort. To save. But sometimes it seemed that it was easier to fight an army with a single axe than to find the way to him.

Yes. They kissed. For the first time and then for the second, third, fourth and fifth. Not counting the first two, all of them were timid,

innocent little attempts, preceded by long stares. But they enjoyed it, everything happened as it should have, with tiny baby steps towards each other.

But the last kiss was weeks ago. She didn't care about the pause, she was sure it wasn't intentional, because recently it seemed there was never a good time to initiate anything.

"How long is never?" She wondered sarcastically, while the noisy chat of the others filled her head.

He wasn't with them, he skipped sitting at the campfire and left for his hut.

Her head was buzzing. "Now is never..." She thought. She stood up, carefully dusted the sand off from her skirt and quietly wished good night to the others.

Â§Â§Â§

"Now is never..." She thought again before knocking on the hardwood wall. She was less sure this time.

A couple moments passed, before she heard his weak "come in".

He was sitting on his bed, wearing a linen shirt and half shorts for the night. It was a very unusual sight for her.

"Oh, it's you." He sounded definitely cheerfuller upon recognizing his visitor. She stepped closer to him.

"Hey."

"Is there something wrong?"

It was so him. Always assuming that only people in need looked for his company.

"No," she shook her head and sit down next to him, "I just... I wanted to check on you."

"Huh. Well, I'm alright."

"I know," she lied. His eyes contradicted his words. "I missed you," she added a brief moment later.

"I missed you, too," he admitted with dark green eyes lingering on her.

She smiled. She reached for her left shoulder pad and started to remove it.

He seemed puzzled. "What are you doing?"

She placed the piece of armor on the floor and untied the other. "I thought you could use a good hug, I'm just taking care of the obstacles."

He quirked an eyebrow when she stood up and got rid of her skirt. She sat back and kicked off her boots.

"Better," she said. And then suddenly she was around him, holding him tight, resting her head on his shoulder, pressing her nose to his neck.

He grinned, she was cute, she felt good. "You are right," he agreed, "it's way better."

A few minutes later she straightened herself but only to be able to crawl under his blankets, pulling him next to her.

"I was cold," she explained while she put her head back on his shoulder and placed her palm on his stomach.

"Mhm."

They didn't move for a while, just listened to the breaths of the other.

"What's wrong?" she asked simply, while she started to stroke his stomach with feather-light fingers. He shivered. He was silent for a while, but then started to talk with a heavy heart.

"One day, hopefully many years away from now, I'm going to be chief and I won't be able to protect my people."

"Why are you saying that?"

"I can't even protect the Edge."

"It's not true. Plus, you are not alone, you don't have to man the fort by yourself, we all help you."

"I know. But Berk is way bigger..."

"And there are more people. The Berk Guard is doing its job and the A Team isn't just a bunch of clumsy muttonheads anymore."

"Thanks to you."

"It wasn't just me..."

He reached under the cover and gently took her hand. "You have better qualities; you are a fearless warrior, the best chief material I've ever seen."

She raised her head to be able to look into his eyes. "No, Hiccup. I am a warrior and I can fight back. I can support my chief and I can be a loyal servant. But only you can keep things together. You are the one who can persuade people. Without you, there was no Edge; there were no dragon riders, just an endless row of lost battles against dragons and men."

"But..."

"Let me finish, please. You always question everything about yourself, and I'm not saying it's a bad thing, but in the mean time you fail to recognize that you are already a chief. Yes, I know it's just a small outpost at the end of the world, but you created it. You organize it, you protect it. I have the heart of a warrior, but you

have the heart of a chief and you should accept that. Yes, there are bumps on the road, they will always be there, but you will never surrender, you simply can't. I know you feel defeated now, but I also know that you will triumph eventually, because you always do. You just have to be patient... mostly with yourself."

For a few moments, they just looked at each other again. Then his hands snaked around her waist and brought her back to his chest again. He held her very tight...

"You know, Astrid, sometimes I wish I was brave enough to tell you how much I love you."

She smiled. "I'm sure you will gather up the courage to do it one day."

"In the meantime, I think I'll just..." Without finishing the sentence, he gently lifted her up and wiggled away from under her, until they both lay on their sides, facing each other.

To her relief, the look in his eyes seemed already less tortured.

He moved closer to her, as close as he could, until there was nothing in between them.

From the minute their lips touched, he felt how her unbelievable courage was seeping into him, making him a whole again. He hoped he could make her understand how important piece of this whole she was, with every stroke of his hand, with every sigh on his lips, with every beat of his heart.

They let their curiosity lead them until they both were absolutely out of breath and weakened by the waves of their mutual passion.

When they finally parted, he held her tight again.

"We should do this more often..." He suggested happily.

She giggled. "Yeah... about that. I think... I think we should probably start dating. I mean... I don't want to advertise it, because..."

Much to her initial surprise, he cut her off with a quick kiss.

"I would proudly call you my secret girlfriend, Astrid."

She rolled her eyes, making a fake-annoyed face at him, then quietly nestled back into his arms.

39. Your Day, My Month (Birthday Special)

**1. **Today's date in the Old Icelandic Calendar: MÃ;nadagr, 9 GÃ³a 2016, and it's the birthday of our beloved H.

**2. **GÃ³a is the 5th winter month and the women's month. This time it's the men's turn to take good care of their women.

1+2 = b-day smut. Yay.

Â§Â§Â§

"Okay, seriously, stop it."

"Aastrid, it's not really fair, I mean my fingers areâ€|"

"I know where your fingers are, trust me I _feel
_themâ€|Ahh."

"You're moaning, you want thisâ€|"

"Of course, I want this! But, huh, it's yooour day. Stop! Just stop.
Three more strokes and I'm done."

"I want you to be done."

"It's _your_ day."

"It's _your_ month."

"You've been telling me this every frickin' day for the past two
weeks."

"Sometimes twiceâ€|"

"Gods, enough of that stupid triumphant smile! I want you to be first
today."

"You know it's not a competition. And even if it is, it doesn't suck
to be the runner-upâ€| "

"Stillâ€| Okay, this is better."

"Are you sure? Your forehead is sweatyâ€|"

"You shouldn't mock me when my fist is so close to yourâ€| Hey, don't
tremble, I wasn't planning on hurting you, not today.
Hereâ€|"

"Awww, this feels nice."

"I bet. Soooâ€|. where are you on a scale of 1-10?"

"Solid three. Uh, no, four."

"I'm at 9.8, so don't you dare to move a fingerâ€|"

"Ookayâ€| so you know we could probablyâ€| try finishing
simultaneously?"

"Do you think we could do it?"

"Yeah, heh, it's not our first rodeoâ€|"

"Are you comparing _this_ to yak riding?"

"Ouch! Bite me again, and I might try to buck you offâ€| Okay, okay,
just kidding. Pain. Love it. No, really, I-love-itâ€|"

"Good. Ermâ€¦ can you move your fingers a little? I'm starting to fall behind."

"Like this?"

"Mhmâ€¦ just those tiny slow circles, pleaseâ€¦ Ooohâ€¦"

"Could you do it a little faster?"

"Mhm."

"Hey, Astridâ€¦"

"Hmm?"

"I'm getting kinda closeâ€¦ it's a ninish, I think."

"Uh, mine too. Mmm, a very loveable nine."

"What if I kiss you while weâ€¦ I love to kiss when we are about toâ€¦"

"Mmm."

"Ah."

"â€¦"

"Hmâ€¦ sooo?"

"Yay, we nailed it. You were right, we're good."

"Go, team Hofferdock."

"Eh, too much."

"It's never too much with you, Astrid."

"I'm rolling my eyes behind close lids."

"I know."

"Still. We've made it; it was both your day and my month."

"And I loved every minute of it."

End
file.